

REVENGE OF THE NERDS II

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FADE IN:

1

INT. LAMBDA LAMBDA LAMBDA FRAT HOUSE (LEWIS' ROOM) - DAY 1

As OPENING CREDITS ROLL, we OPEN TIGHT on a portrait of ALBERT EINSTEIN. We PAN DOWN, revealing Albert's kindly face has been tacked onto the poster of the body of ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER. FINISH PAN on a half-packed suitcase. A pair of loud paisley swim trunks drops in, followed by a tube of sun screen, a book titled "EINSTEIN'S WOMEN," and a calculator or two. We widen to reveal that the suitcase is being packed by a smiling LEWIS SKOLNICK, who is singing softly to himself.

LEWIS
(singing)
"She wore aaaaaan Itsy Bitsy, Teeny
Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini -- "

Lewis lets loose a loud honking laugh.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF QUICK CUTS

ANGLE ON

a medicine cabinet, which opens, revealing hundreds of bottles of prescription medications. A hand reaches into frame, and selectively removes two or three bottles. After a beat, the entire contents of the cabinet are dumped into a suitcase, and the two or three original bottles are neatly put back into the cabinet. The doors close. Several more articles of clothing are tossed into the suitcase, followed by about five pair of spare eyeglasses, and a book entitled "A VISITOR'S GUIDE TO FLORIDA - LARGE PRINT EDITION." The lid to the case is closed, revealing that all these items have been packed into a violin case. Shot widens to reveal ARNOLD POINDEXTER, now packing his violin into his regular suitcase.

ANGLE ON

a recipe file box, which opens. A hand reaches in and shuffles through a dozen or so fake I.D.'s (all of which contain the face of 14-year old HAROLD WORMSER). The hand picks (among such choices as Baseball Hall of Fame cards, Veterans of Foreign Wars, CIA Operatives, etc.) a random selection of a few and tosses them into a suitcase, followed by a Superman comic, a Green Lantern comic and a Playboy.

ANGLE ON

another suitcase. In it is placed several pairs of men's pants, several folded men's shirts, then, after a beat, several pairs of lace panties. Also tossed in are some tapes of The Beastie Boys, Run-DMC, and Liza Minelli. LAMAR LATRELLE then closes the lid.

ANGLE ON

a laundry hamper. It is lifted, carried across a room, then dumped into a suitcase. On top of this is dumped a pack of rubbers. Another follows, then another, then a virtual avalanche of condoms.

We WIDEN to reveal DUDLEY DAWSON, (better known as BOOGER), who tries to close the suitcase. Unable to do so, he takes out some of the clothing and then successfully latches the luggage.

From the street below comes the SOUND of a HORN HONKING.

Booger smiles and picks up the rubber-filled suitcase, tossing it to the floor. It bounces.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. LAMBDA LAMBDA LAMBDA FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

2

Strung across the front of the house is a banner which reads: "GOOD LUCK, TRI-LAMB CONVENTIONEERS." On the front lawn, a small crowd has gathered. It consists of some of the Mu's, BETTY CHILDS, DEAN ULICH, MR. AND MRS. HAROLD WORMSER, SR., MR. SKOLNICK and, such as it is, the Adams College marching band. U.N. JEFFERSON is there as well, surrounded by several large black Tri-Lambs.

One by one, the Tri-Lambs exit the house carrying their suitcases. As the first of them, Lewis, appears on the front porch, the band strikes up a lame brass version of "We Are The Champions." Lewis is moved. He is followed by Booger, Poindexter, Lamar, and Wormser. A CHEER goes up from the small crowd.

ANGLE ON DEAN ULICH AND THE CROWD

As the marching band reaches a sloppy concluding CRESCENDO, Dean Ulich steps forward and speaks into a bullhorn.

DEAN ULICH

Gentlemen of Lambda Lambda Lambda,
as your dean, it is my pleasure to
send you off to represent Adams
College at the United Fraternity
Conference in Fort Lauderdale,
Florida, a lovely place, by the
way-- I've been there several times
to visit my Grandma Trudy, as she
has arthritis and finds the
temperate sea air quite therapeutical--
but that's neither here nor there.
As our delegates, you will have a
voice in deciding the code of
conduct for fraternities throughout
the country.

The crowd APPLAUDS.

DEAN ULICH (CONT'D)
 I'd now like to introduce the
 national head of Lambda Lambda
 Lambda, Mr. U.N. Jefferson.

More APPLAUSE. U.N. steps up and starts to take the bullhorn from Dean Ulich.

DEAN ULICH (CONT'D)
 Although I don't visit her quite
 nearly as often as I should, but I'm
 a very busy man, what with--

U.N. takes the bullhorn.

U.N.
 As you know, this is the first time
 in the history of Adams College that
 this honor has been bestowed on a
 brand new fraternity, and not the
 Alpha Betas. We're proud of each
 and every one of you: Lewis
 Skolnick, Arnold Poindexter, Harold
 Wormser, Lamar Latrelle, Dudley
 (Booger) Dawson. For this honor
 you've brought to our fraternity, we
 want to amend our salute to include
 our newest brethren.

The line of large black men raise their fists in a "power" salute,
 then, after a beat, erupt in honking nerd laughs.

ANGLE ON THE NERDS

who, deeply moved, return the gesture by first honking, then, a
 beat later, raising their fists in power salutes.

ANGLE ON LEWIS

as he spots Betty and runs to her and they embrace.

ANGLE ON MR. SKOLNICK AND U.N. JEFFERSON

who look on, a proud grin on Mr. Skolnick's face.

MR. SKOLNICK
 (to U.N.)
 How do you like that? Like father,
 like son.

U.N.
 (being polite)
 Yeah, right.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Hi, honey.

Mr. Skolnick looks as MRS. SKOLNICK steps into frame. She is forty years old-- blonde, buxom and beautiful. U.N. reacts as Lewis approaches with Betty in tow.

LEWIS
Mom, Dad, I want you to meet Betty
Childs, head cheerleader and my --

BETTY AND MRS. SKOLNICK
(to their men)
You're slouching.

Both Lewis and his father straighten up and honk.

ANGLE ON BETTY AND LEWIS

BETTY
(emotionally)
Oh, Lewis.

They hug, then break.

LEWIS
You know, Betty, sometimes I don't
know what you see in me.

BETTY
I've told you before, Lewis, I like
you for your big...

LEWIS
Vocabulary?

Betty nods, stepping closer.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Well, Betty, you know what they say,
it's not the size of a man's
vocabulary, it's how he uses it.

BETTY
I know, and you use yours so...
what's the word?

LEWIS
(beat)
Good?

The two laugh.

BETTY
I'll miss you, darling.
(beat, then)
Tuck your shirt in. And here, take
this.

Betty hands Lewis her sorority pin.

LEWIS
Thank you, dearest.

They kiss in a passionate embrace, then Lewis releases her and crosses to Mr. Skolnick's station wagon where the guys are helping tie luggage to the top. Lewis looks back at Betty, smiles a heroic smile and tosses her a macho salute.

BETTY
(calling)
Lewis!

LEWIS
(expectantly)
Yes?

BETTY
You have something hanging out of
your nose!

Booger enters frame, finger first.

BOOGER
I'll take care of it.

CUT TO:

3 INT. MR. SKOLNICK'S STATION WAGON - A FEW MINUTES LATER 3

Lewis, Booger, Poindexter, Lamar and Wormser are packed into the Skolnick station wagon as Lewis drives, on their way to the airport.

MR. SKOLNICK
Tickets?

NERDS
Check!

MR. SKOLNICK
Money?

NERDS
Check.

MR. SKOLNICK
Prophylactics.

All nerds share a honking laugh.

MR. SKOLNICK
You really got the pedal to the
metal, don't you son?

LEWIS

That's right, Dad. I've got the ole
cruise control locked in at 35.

A4 EXT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

A4

Vehicles honk and swerve around them.

B4 INT. STATION WAGON

B4

MR. SKOLNICK

I'll tell you what. Kick her up to
38. Let's live dangerously.

LEWIS

(laughs)

Dad!

MR. SKOLNICK

(conspiratorially)

Don't tell your Mom.

We hear the SOUND of a BEEP.

LEWIS

That's my pocket pager, guys.

From his belt, Lewis extracts a small device that resembles a Sony
Watchman, complete with a miniature keyboard. He hands it to Mr.
Skolnick, who opens a miniature silver umbrella and passes it to
Poindexter.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Uplink.

Poindexter sticks the umbrella out the car window. A wire runs
from this to the "Watchman." Mr. Skolnick pulls out the car's
cigarette lighter and inserts a power cord.

INSERT - SMALL SCREEN

A message flashes on the screen: "GILBERT TO LEWIS"

LEWIS (O.C.)

Hey, guys. It's Gilbert.

As the words begin to move across the screen, we hear:

GILBERT (V.O.)

Sorry I'm not going to be able to
join you guys, but things are really
intense here at the Bombay Computer
Conference.

CUT TO:

4

INT. UNIVERSITY OF BOMBAY AMPHITHEATER - DAY

4

It's a mini U.N., as all races and creeds lean over the balconies of this old college amphitheater and stare at something with great intensity. Among them is large group of Indians, clad in their traditional garb. Everyone is quite impressed with what they are observing.

A NEW ANGLE

of a pair of hands moving adroitly over the keyboard of an IBM-PC. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a large screen television functioning as the computer monitor. The VIEW PULLS BACK FURTHER to reveal a bearded Gilbert.

GILBERT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've even begun to explore a spiritual side of myself I never quite knew existed. But enough about me. If you've kept to your timetable, and I'll bet you have, you are now traveling highway one-sixteen approaching the Duttonhoffer Cutoff.

CUT BACK TO:

A5

INT. MR. SKOLNICK'S STATION WAGON - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A5

Lewis and the others look up from the screen.

ANGLE ON THEIR POV

of a highway sign: "U.S. 116." And another sign: "Duttonhoffer Cutoff 1/2 Mile "

ANGLE ON LEWIS

He's impressed.

GILBERT (V.O.)

Watch out for that pothole!

The nerds look up. There is no pothole. They laugh at Gilbert's "joke." 10 feet later the Station Wagon clunks over a crater in the road. The nerds laugh.

CUT BACK TO:

B5 INT. UNIVERSITY OF BOMBAY AMPHITHEATER - DAY

B5

Gilbert's message is visible to all on the screen monitor.

GILBERT (V.O.)

(laughs with them, then
resumes typing)

Well, guys, this is the chance we've
been fighting for. Being chosen to
represent Adams means we've finally
been accepted as equals. To me, of
course, you're more than equals. My
thoughts are with you guys. Your
friend, Gilbert.

Gilbert looks up from his keyboard to see a "sacred" cow strolling
by.

GILBERT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

P.S. I'd kill for a burger right
now.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

5 INT. MR. SKOLNICK'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

5

All, including Mr. Skolnick, smile warmly as they dismantle the
pager.

LAMAR

I'll miss him.

WORMSER

Me too.

LEWIS

It's okay, guys. He'll be there in
spirit. We'll make him proud.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

6

Through the POV of a pair of binoculars, we see the Station Wagon
careen into the airport area, leaps onto the curb and knock over a
bunch of suitcases.

OGRE (O.C.)

(ala "Poltergeist")

They're heeeere!

. ANOTHER ANGLE AS

the binoculars are lowered and we see OGRE, dressed in an Alpha
Beta sweater, watching the arriving car. Behind him is STAN
GABLE, who is peeling bills from a roll of money and handing them
to a youthful airline employee, JERRY.

STAN

Two-sixty, two-eighty, three-hundred.

JERRY

I'm still nervous about this. It's kinda risky.

STAN

Are you an Alpha alum, or what?

JERRY

Damn straight.

Stan smiles and we:

CUT TO:

7 INT. TERMINAL GATE EIGHT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

7

A sign proclaims this "GATE 8." Beneath it, another sign reads: "FLIGHT 402 FORT LAUDERDALE - Dep: 2:30 PM"

The area is filled with travelers who are waiting to board their flight. The nerds are collected at the end of a long line of people who are showing their boarding passes and exiting to the tarmac.

POINDEXTER

(reading from his book)

Hey, it says here the year-round mean temperature in Ft. Lauderdale is 72 degrees.

LEWIS

Well, guy, it's located at 23 degrees, 36 minutes north latitude. 105 degrees, 15 minutes west longitude. What do you expect-- 68 degrees?!

As the nerds all laugh at that ridiculous idea, an ATTRACTIVE GIRL walks by and Booger speaks to her.

BOOGER

I just want you to know that I don't intend to sleep with another woman until I'm back here in your arms, with my head resting between your creamy thighs.

The Girl slaps Booger's face and moves on. Jerry, the airline employee, approaches.

JERRY
Excuse me. Are you the special
group from Adams College?

LEWIS
We sure are.

JERRY
Just follow me. I'll take you
directly to your plane through the
VIP entrance.

Booger approaches ANOTHER GIRL.

BOOGER
(to second girl)
I just want you to know that I don't
intend to sleep with --

He follows her out of our range of hearing.

LEWIS
Did you hear that guys? VIP
service! Boy, this is gonna be
great.

LAMAR
Where'd Booger go?

The SOUND of an OFF-CAMERA SLAP is heard as we:

CUT TO:

8 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL GATE - A MOMENT LATER

8

Next to the boarding ramp door is a sign which reads "VIP GATE."
Jerry ushers the Tri-Lambs through the door.

JERRY
Enjoy your flight, gentlemen.

On Jerry's satisfied smile, we

CUT TO:

A9 INT. PLANE - A MOMENT LATER

A9

A STEWARDESS is just finishing her spiel to the passengers over
the P.A. system as the nerds come aboard.

STEWARDESS
-- so fasten your seatbelts and the
Captain will have more to say when
we're airborne.

Lewis hands his ticket to a SECOND STEWARDESS.

LEWIS
We're V.I.P.'s.

BOOGER
(to the Stewardess)
"Very Immense Penises."

Slap.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. RUNWAY - MINUTES LATER 9

Its ENGINES ROARING, the plane lifts into the air.

ANGLE ON STAN AND OGRE

who are standing near the terminal, watching the plane as it disappears into the clouds. They smile at each other.

STAN
Ogre, my man, you got a plane to catch.

CUT TO:

10 INT. PLANE - A MOMENT LATER 10

Everyone is seated comfortably. Lewis and the others can barely contain their excitement.

POINDEXTER
I'd better take a Dramamine.

WORMSER
Ooo, thanks for reminding me.

Wormser pockets a barf bag.

WORMSER (CONT'D)
(explaining)
It's for my barf bag collection.

BOOGER
Empty? Kidstuff.

He holds up a "weightier" bag.

BOOGER (CONT'D)
I collect 'em full.

As Poindexter starts to fall asleep from his Dramamine, a snow shoe falls from the overhead compartment. Poindexter picks it up, hands it to the Eskimo in front of him.

POINDEXTER
You dropped your tennis racket.

The guys, in beach resort wear, don't notice the "polar motif" surrounding them: fur coats, fish heads, mukluks, etc.

CAPTAIN (O.C.)

This is your Captain speaking. Our estimated flight time is six hours, fifty minutes.

The guys look up from their calculators.

LEWIS

Wait a minute. That can't be. We'd have to have a 120 knot head wind.

WORMSER

That's impossible, especially since the jet stream flows west-east.

LEWIS

Something's not right.

LAMAR

(looking around)

I'll say. Furs with leather?
Definitely a fashion faux pas.

CUT TO:

11 INT. AIRLINE TERMINAL (ALASKA) - SEVEN HOURS LATER (NIGHT) 11

The SCREEN is FILLED with white, as a blinding snowstorm is in progress. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lewis and the Tri-Lambs, shivering in the lightweight beach-wear, watching the storm through a large picture window. Outside the window, a dogsled team passes by, pulling luggage from the flight. On the side of the dogsled it reads: INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NOME, ALASKA

LEWIS

Don't worry, guys. It's always darkest before the dawn.

BOOGER

(dejectedly)

Dawn's in June.

LAMAR

Ooooh, those Alphas.

WORMSER

How are we going to get to Florida?

The guys turn and walk away. The last to leave is Poindexter, whose face is buried in his Florida book.

POINDEXTER

This must be one of those one of those tropical storms. It should blow over in 20 minutes, or so.

As Poindexter walks out of frame, we

CUT TO:

A12 INT. ALASKA AIRPORT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A12

Lamar speaks into a PAY PHONE.

LAMAR

(affecting a different voice)

Is this the Alaska University Alpha Beta house treasurer?

We hear the Alaskan Alpha Beta through the phone. In the background, we also hear fraternity party noise.

ALPHA BETA'S VOICE

(through phone)

Sure is, bro. Make it quick. I'm hosin' a chick.

(to someone else)

Whoa, excellent hogans, Kiki.

LAMAR

You could be the lucky winner of a lifetime supply of Igloo Beer, if you answer the following question correctly: What is your house credit card number?

ALPHA BETA'S VOICE

Uh... Hold on.

(to someone else)

Ouch. Not you, Kiki.

LAMAR

(covering phone)

This guy's an idiot.

ALPHA BETA'S VOICE

Okay, it's 4024-- Oooh, yeah-- 017-- Lower. Faster-- 2826-- Oh, Kiki-- 225-- Not there, it's sensitive.

LAMAR

Sorry, you're wrong. But thanks for playing.

ALPHA BETA'S VOICE

Oh, sure.

(as he hangs up)

Sorry, Kiki. It usually doesn't happen that fast.

(click)

We hear a dial tone. Booger looks at Lamar.

BOOGER

Nice voice. I didn't know you had it in you.

LAMAR

Just cause I'm limp, doesn't mean I'm a wimp.

Booger shrugs, nods, and we

CUT TO:

12 EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE AIRPORT - DAY

12

The plane lands with a SQUEAL of TIRES and taxis toward the terminal. The CAMERA PANS to reveal a cluster of palm trees.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. AIRPLANE (TOP OF BOARDING RAMP) - A FEW MINUTES LATER

13

The last of a long line of passengers exits the aircraft. We hold on the doorway for a beat, then Lewis warily sticks his head out the door and looks around. Then, relieved, he signals for his friends to follow.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

14

The Tri-Lambs exit the airport.

LEWIS

Well, we made it.

(to Wormser)

How's the change in weather affecting your allergies?

WORMSER

So far I'm a little clogged. I wish I had some Hexadol.

POINDEXTER

(to Wormser, reaching into a jacket pocket)

30 or 50 milligrams?

WORMSER

Do you have anything in a liquid?

POINDEXTER

(reaching into another
pocket)

Cherry coagulant or menthol
deconstrictant?

BOOGER

Why not just blow your nose in your
shirt?

Booger demonstrates as the nerds all stop in their tracks and look at a gleaming stretch limo with the Hotel Royal Flamingo crest on its door.

Booger whoops and the others share a honking laugh, as they throw their bags in the trunk of the Hotel Royal Flamingo Courtesy Limo.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. FLORIDA EXPRESSWAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

15

The VIEW PANS with the limo as it moves down a Florida expressway.

CUT TO:

16 INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

16

The guys raise champagne glasses in a toast.

LAMAR

To the Alphas.

BOOGER

To Kiki, and her excellent hogans.

ALL THE GUYS

To Ft. Lauderdale..

LEWIS

To a great time.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO - DAY

17

The limo approaches a wrought iron archway which reads: HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO. Further ahead we see for the first time the magnificent Hotel Royal Flamingo, gleaming in the Florida sun.

The Limo pulls to a stop, the faces of all the Tri-Lambs pressed to the windows in wide-eyed wonder. They gape in awe at the lush plants and towering palms that line the open air lobby.

Booger's eyes are immediately drawn to a large-breasted FEMALE who is crossing the lobby.

BOOGER

Will you take a look at those
coconuts?

The rest of the guys, unaware of the large-breasted female, stare fascinated at the coconuts hanging from one of the lobby's many palm trees.

LEWIS

Yeah, those are big ones.

The guys climb out of the Limo. Booger drops to his knees and kisses the ground, Pope-style. He then rises and begins to strip off his clothing.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I'd be happy to check us in if you
guys want to --

The other guys bomb towards the beach, whooping and hollering.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

-- hit the beach.

CUT TO:

18 INT. LOBBY OF THE HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO - A MOMENT LATER

18

A large banner reads, "WELCOME FRATERNITY DELEGATES".

Lewis carries the five suitcases across the lobby toward the registration desk, Lamar's bag obscuring his view, causing him to crash into one person after another.

LEWIS

Sorry -- So sorry --I've very sorry
-- my mistake -- whoops --

As Lewis turns a corner, Poindexter's violin case knocks over the rolling suitcase pulled by a yuppie couple, the COMSTOCKS, toppling Mr. Comstock into the base of a ladder.

ANGLE ON THE TOP OF THE LADDER

where a hotel maintenance employee, STEWART LIPSEY, is replacing light bulbs in the lamps that have been placed among the palm fronds. He wears glasses, bell-bottoms and platform shoes. As the ladder comes crashing down, Stewart grabs onto one of the branches of the palm tree and hangs there.

STEWART

Oh no, not again.

ANGLE ON REGISTRATION DESK

behind which is a hotel clerk, SUNNY CARSTAIRS, a wholesome looking blonde beauty of nineteen. Before her, a large jock in an Alpha sweater named TINY is just checking in.

ANGLE ON THE TOP OF THE PALM TREE

as Stewart struggles for a foothold on the branch. As he does, several coconuts are shaken loose.

One of the coconuts falls on Tiny's head. He looks up, thinking someone has tapped him.

TINY

Yeah?

TINY'S POV

Stewart loses his grip and plummets directly TOWARD CAMERA.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Stewart lands feet-first on Tiny's shoulders and remains there for a beat, looking down...

STEWART

Sorry. My fault.

...And Stewart tumbles to the ground in front of Tiny. Beat.

TINY

What's your problem?

STEWART

Lots of problems, sir. Beginning with a painful, protracted childbirth and continuing through to this very awkward moment we are witnessing now.

(then, quickly)

Now. Now.

(explaining)

You see, every moment is a perpetual succession of instants--

Tiny picks up a coconut and holds it in front of Stewart's nose.

TINY

Someday this coconut's gonna be your head, nerd.

He crushes the coconut in his bare hands, spilling coconut milk over the front of Stewart's work shirt as Lewis approaches, still holding the baggage.

LEWIS

Excuse me. I just want to say that this accident wasn't his fault. It was mine. I sure hope no one was hurt.

Tiny fixes his gaze on Lewis, then approaches him, towering over him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Or will be.

Tiny raises a hamlike fist to Lewis' face, then flicks Lewis' nose with a single finger.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Ow.

Tiny walks away.

STEWART

Wow! That was totally cool of you to take the blame. I really expected yet another in an endless series of pummelings.

LEWIS

Why?

STEWART

People pummel me all the time. And frankly I don't blame them. Basically I'm just a little screw-up.

LEWIS

Hey, that's not true. I mean, if you believe in yourself, you can be a big screw-up. Whoops.

Lewis and Stewart exchange laughs.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I mean, if you believe in yourself, you can be a giant.

(extending his hand)

Lewis Skolnick.

STEWART

Stewart Lipsey.

They shake.

LEWIS

See you 'round.

STEWART

Solid.

Lewis heads to the Registration Desk and we

CUT TO:

19 EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO POOL AREA - SAME

19

Booger, Lamar, and Wormser sit on chaise lounges. Surrounding them are a dozen or so gorgeous sorority girls sun-bathing. The Tri-Lambs are finding it hard to talk.

Booger watches as three GORGEOUS SORORITY GIRLS parade by in the skimpiest of bikinis.

BOOGER

Boy, if my mother looked like that... Well, for one thing, she sure as hell wouldn't have married my Dad.

LAMAR

(really trying)

Now, those girls are sexually attractive, right?

Wormser nods big. Lamar smiles.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. I'm getting the hang of this.

A WAITRESS approaches with fruity umbrella drinks, sets them down and hands back their I.D.'s.

WAITRESS

Here you go, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Latrelle, Mr. Poindexter, Dr. Wormser.

Wormser smiles.

LAMAR

(calling off)

Poindexter, your drink.

ANGLE ON POINDEXTER

Who is hitting on the woman in a Coppertone billboard.

POINDEXTER

(to the billboard)

Don't go away.

FOLLOW Poindexter back to the guys.

LAMAR

(re: billboard)

I'm not sure she's your type,
Poindexter. She's a little one
dimensional.

BOOGER

Besides, she's flat as a board.

As the guys laugh, a bronzed Cuban girl in a bikini walks by.

BOOGER (CONT'D)

Does anybody know how to say "bite
my crank" in Spanish?

POINDEXTER

"Muerdes mi manubrio, por favor."

They all look at Poindexter, impressed by his command of the
language.

POINDEXTER (CONT'D)

I'm a polyglot.

CUT BACK TO:

20 INT. LOBBY OF THE HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO - CONTINUOUS

20

Lewis steps up to Sunny's window at the desk.

SUNNY

Welcome to the Royal Flamingo. May
I help you, sir?

Lewis just stares at her, transfixed. This is surely the most
beautiful woman he has ever seen.

SUNNY

Sir?

LEWIS

Oh, -- um -- yes. I'm Lewis
Skolnick of the Lambda Lambda Lambda
delegation from Adams College. We
have a girlfriend-- I mean
reservation.

SUNNY

(smiling)

Yes sir, Mr. Skolnick.

Sunny turns to the reservations computer to make an entry. Her
fingers strike the keys.

LEWIS

You can call me Lewis.

SUNNY
(reacting to the computer
screen)
Oh, no.

LEWIS
(quickly)
Okay. Sir's good.

SUNNY
This computer hates me. Let me get
someone who can help you.

LEWIS
(as he leans over the
counter)
I know a thing or two about
computers. Show me what's wrong.

SUNNY
(as she does it)
Oh. Well, I enter your name and
then I hit search and -- nothing.

LEWIS
I see your problem. Stroke
technique.

SUNNY
Excuse me?

Lewis gently grabs her hands and places them on the keyboard. He
is enjoying this.

LEWIS
(guiding her hands) •
Key strokes. Arch -- your --
fingers -- for -- each -- letter --
then --

Lewis hits a button.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN

as it comes to life with his name and reservation.

SUNNY (O.C.)
It works!

LEWIS (O.C.)
Of course.

ANGLE ON LEWIS AND SUNNY

LEWIS (CONT'D)

There's all the info you need.
 (then reading the screen)
 "Skolnick, Lewis. Lambda Lambda
 Lambda party. No show. Room --
 canceled?!?"

SUNNY

(looking at screen)
 Apparently, you showed a day late.

LEWIS

Well, our travel arrangements got
 all screwed up. Pardon my language.

SUNNY

I'm sorry. Your room was given to
 someone else.

LEWIS

What?

SUNNY

Listen, I'm just a trainee. Let me
 get the manager, Mr. Munsinger. I'm
 sure he'll straighten this out for
 you.

Sunny crosses to a door marked "E. 'BUZZ' MUNSINGER - ACTING
 MANAGER" and knocks.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

21

We OPEN on an ECU of a framed certificate which reads:

"Alpha Beta Fraternity - Ohio College - 1965."

The CAMERA PANS to show a team picture and another framed
 document, this from the Smith School of Hotel Management. We
 finally reveal BUZZ MUNSINGER, a forty-five year old aging frat-
 boy type, with an ample pot belly, is squatting in three-point
 stance as he regales a CUTE CO-ED with tales of his former
 gridiron glory.

MUNSINGER

--but it was the fourth down, goal
 to go, with one second left, --

CUTE CO-ED

What does "goal to go" mean?

MUNSINGER

It means we were just about to
 score.

CUTE CO-ED
Score what?

MUNSINGER
Points.

CUTE CO-ED
Why?

MUNSINGER
To win.

CUTE CO-ED
Win what?

MUNSINGER
The game.

CUTE CO-ED
Why are you squatting?

The door opens, Sunny enters, Munsinger jumps to his feet.

SUNNY
Excuse me, Mister Munsinger. The
Lambdas from Adams College are here
and the computer shows we gave --

MUNSINGER
They're back from Alaska?

SUNNY
Alaska? I don't know, but since we
gave their room away, I know of a
cancellation in the east tower
that--

MUNSINGER
I don't want them in this hotel.

SUNNY
But this poor guy has no place to--

MUNSINGER
Forget it. The room has to stay
empty.

SUNNY
Why?

MUNSINGER
Uh... fire law.

SUNNY
But--

MUNSINGER

But nothing. Who's the manager of this hotel?

SUNNY

Fred C. Dobbs.

MUNSINGER

Who's the acting manager?

SUNNY

You, sir.

MUNSINGER

And who's the trainee?

SUNNY

Me, sir.

MUNSINGER

So who's obeying the fire laws if I tell them to?

SUNNY

Me, sir.

Sunny exits.

MUNSINGER

(to the Co-ed)

Now, where were we?

CUTE CO-ED

Acting manager? You said you were manager!

MUNSINGER

I misspoke.

CUTE CO-ED

You said you were Fred C. Dobbs.

MUNSINGER

I cannot recall.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

22

We hear BEEPING. Poindexter, with his metal detector, closes in on something. He concentrates intently as the beeping grows louder and louder until it reaches a crescendo, and Poindexter walks head-on into a large metal outhouse.

NEARBY

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL sunbathes. As she reaches behind to try to apply a coat of suntan lotion, a masculine hand enters the frame and begins to rub the lotion. She abruptly turns.

BOOGER

Hi. I should tell you that I spent the last eight years in a Turkish prison for a crime I didn't commit. Oh, sure. I killed the guy. But nobody says American women are cold and unresponsive in front of me. Anyway, for all those years, I kept this picture of the ideal woman in my head and now I meet you in person. I'd call it Kismet.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

I'd call it bullshit.

The girl gets up, picks up her towel and leaves Booger standing there.

BOOGER

(calling after)

And stop calling me all the time! I need my space.

Wormser approaches, carrying a drink.

WORMSER

What're you doing, Boog?

BOOGER

Scamming. You know what they say, the average male is at his sexual peak at nineteen.

WORMSER

Nineteen? You mean it gets better?

POINDEXTER

still combs the sand with his metal detector, which again starts beeping. He sets the device aside and begins digging. It doesn't take him long to unearth his treasure: an old, discarded metal detector.

After a beat, Lamar ENTERS FRAME.

LAMAR

Hey, Poin. Lewis asked me to get you. We got a problem.

CUT TO:

23 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

23

The guys are clustered near a bank of pay phones, where Poindexter has plugged his portable computer and modem into the phone.

INSERT OF COMPUTER SCREEN

showing an official-looking read-out that looks like the ones travel agents get.

POINDEXTER (O.S.)

That hotel's full, too.

ANGLE ON THE GUYS

LAMAR

That's the ninth one.

Poindexter taps away at the keyboard.

BOOGER

Here's a thought. We're only here for five days. Do we actually need a room?

ACROSS THE LOBBY

ROGER LATTIMORE, in an Alpha sweater, stands with Munsinger, watching the nerds.

ROGER

Don't worry, Buzz. I'll get rid of them.

He crosses toward the guys.

ROGER

Pardon me. Are you guys the Lambdas from Adams College?

The Tri-Lambs all look at each other.

BOOGER

(suspiciously)

Why?

ROGER

I'm Roger Lattimore, I'm chairman of the United Fraternity Council. I just heard how badly you guys were treated and how you can't get rooms anywhere.

LEWIS

(relieved)

Well, yes. It has been somewhat trying.

ROGER

(seemingly concerned)
I'll bet. Boy, I wish there was something I could do to help you guys, but it's out of my hands. See, the manager's a guy named Munsinger, and he's an Alpha alum. You know how it is. So I guess you guys'll just leave, huh? Can I call you a cab?

As Roger reaches for one of the other pay phones, Poindexter looks up from his computer screen.

POINDEXTER

Wait a minute. I think I found us an opening!

The guys ad-lib excitement as Lewis looks down at the screen.

WORMSER

(reading)
The Hotel Coral Essex.

POINDEXTER

(reading)
"Full recreation facilities.
Spacious beachfront suites..."
Sounds great.

LEWIS

Well, Poin, I say work your wizardry and let's confirm.
(turning to Roger, smiling)
Rog, it was nice meeting you, and we look forward to seeing you at the conference tomorrow.

BOOGER

Well, gentlemen, why are we hanging out in this boring dump when we can upgrade to the Hotel Coral Essex?

We HEAR a loud, anticipatory DRUMBEAT-- as if we're about to break into the greatest rock-n-roll song we've ever heard-- and then we:

SMASH CUT TO:

A MUZAK version of Deep Purple's "Smoke on the Water" being piped through the sterile white halls of:

24

INT. THE HOTEL CORAL ESSEX - AN HOUR LATER

24

The five guys stand, stunned, in the lobby of this typical Florida retirement hotel. The guys survey the scene.

THEIR POV

Several bored, tired SENIOR CITIZENS sit around the lobby as we hear:

MAXINE'S VOICE
Are you here to visit someone?

The guys turn and see MAXINE FEINBERG-FELDSTEIN, the well-meaning yet weary activities director.

LEWIS
Actually, no, I think we had a reservation.

CUT TO:

25 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

25

Maxine talks as she leads the boys down the sterile corridor.

MAXINE
... Don't leave your teeth lying around, the cleaning crew will throw them away. None of you have heart problems, do you?

The nerds, still following her down the hall, shake their heads. We HEAR arguing coming from the next room.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
... 'Cause this is our exercise room. It's unsupervised, so use it at your own risk.

Maxine then sticks her head into --

A26 THE EXERCISE ROOM

A26

inside of which are several ELDERLY PEOPLE variously sitting on and around an exercycle, a weight bench, and a couch, watching television.

MAXINE
(trying really hard to generate some sort of enthusiasm)
C'mon, folks! No pain no gain!
Huh? ... Folks ... ?

The people just sort of look at her. Then one of the ELDERLY LADIES smiles and waves at Wormser.

THE NERDS

stand in the hallway, peering in. Wormser waves back as Maxine sighs and ducks her head back into

B26 THE HALLWAY

B26

where she turns and continues leading the guys down the hall.

MAXINE

...This next room is our kitchen.
You're free to do any baking that
you may want to do.

The guys look into a

KITCHEN

C26

C26

where a couple OLD LADIES are making cup cakes.

D26 HALLWAY

D26

The guys continue walking.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

...And over here's our rec room,
where tonight we're supposedly
having a sing-a-long. You're all
invited, of course.

They stop and take a look into the --

E26 REC ROOM

E26

where, inside, an ELDERLY MAN plays solitaire. Another writes a
letter. A couple other people simply sit and do nothing.

F26 IN THE HALLWAY

F26

As the guys turn to walk away, Booger HEARS a MAN "hock" what
must be an incredibly huge loogie. Booger stops, turns, and
sticks his head back into --

G26 THE REC ROOM

G26

where a MAN gives Booger a knowing nod, then swallows what must be
a gargantuan mound of phlegm. Booger stares for a moment,
intrigued, then BURPS.

26 INT. HALLWAY - SAME

26

We HEAR a loud, long, disgusting BELCH coming from in the rec
room. Then, after a beat, Booger back-peddles out of the room,
shaking his head, blown away. He turns and catches up with the
others as Maxine takes them to the final room.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

And this is your room, right here.
If you need anything, my name is
Maxine Feinberg-Feldstein.

She opens a door and we:

OMIT 27

OMIT 27

CUT TO:

28 INT. THE GUYS' "SUITE" - A FEW MINUTES LATER

28

The guys sit there, silent, bored.

LEWIS

Well, guys, I say we make the most of it.

(looking at brochure)

Shuffleboard?

POINDEXTER

Some exercise would be nice.

WORMSER

(dejected)

Wow. This is great.

LAMAR

A real party.

Booger looks right at Lamar.

BOOGER

(lackluster)

Whoooo.

Immediately there is a KNOCK on the door. Lewis opens it.

MAXINE

Guys, I'm going to have to ask you to please keep the noise down.

As the guys all nod, we:

OMIT 29

OMIT 29

CUT TO:

30 INT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO ROGER'S ROOM - DAY

30

Four jocks, Roger, Tiny, GUNDY and WINSTON, sit in a hot tub, drinking beers. Behind them is a half-open bathroom door. From within, we hear the SOUND of a constant stream hitting the toilet.

ROGER

We sent 'em to Alaska, they returned. We shut 'em out of the hotel, they got another. What are we gonna do?

TINY

What are you askin' us for? You're the one with the 2.0 average.

ROGER

2.2. We can't seem to get rid of them. I mean, Christ, there could be a nuclear war, and all that would be left are cockroaches and nerds.

There is a long beat of silence, during which all we hear is the SOUND of PISSING.

TINY

Wait. I got it! It's so simple. I mean, they're nerds, but they're men, too. Sort of. And what's the thing that every man in the world is the most afraid of?

ROGER

I dunno, Tiny. What?

TINY

Come on. You know. At one time or another, every man in this room has been terrified of chicks seein' 'em without clothes on and finding out how little their dicks are. Right?
(then, raising his hand)
Admit it. Raise your hands.

Tiny is the only one in the room with his hand up. Everyone else is silent.

GUNDY

Sure, whatever... Tiny.

TINY

What?! It's one of those reverse nicknames. Like when they call redheads, you know... "blondie."
(searching)
Or right-handed guys, um... "lefty".

He looks down sheepishly as Roger thinks, then:

ROGER

You know, we've got to get rid of these guys. We've got to get rid of them in a major way.

Roger glances at a "FLORIDA STATE SEMINOLES" athletic bag. We hear the O.C. SOUND of a TOILET FLUSH.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Guys, I'm getting an idea here. By this time tomorrow, it'll be good-bye nerds.

A VOICE ROARS O.C.

OGRE (O.C.)
NERDS??!!??

The bathroom door swings fully open and Ogre enters, zipping up.

ROGER
Easy, Ogre. Tomorrow you'll take
your rightful place as the
representative of Adams College.

OGRE
All right.

Ogre turns and starts to go.

WINSTON
Where you goin,' man?

OGRE
Gotta take a leak.

As he goes back into the bathroom, we:

OMIT 31, 32

CUT TO: OMIT 31, 32

33 INT. HOTEL CORAL ESSEX RECREATION ROOM - DAY 33

A hand slowly strums a guitar. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Maxine
Feinberg-Feldstein, sitting on a stool, playing a folk guitar,
trying to strum up enthusiasm.

MAXINE
(singing)
"Cum-bay-yah m'Lord..."

VOICES
(quietly singing)
"Cum-bay-yah...."

REVERSE ANGLE

PAN ACROSS a row of elderly people, not all that into it.

MAXINE'S VOICE
(singing)
"Cum-bay-yah, m'Lord..."

FINISH PAN on Lewis, Poindexter, Lamar, Wormser and Booger,
singing with the old folks, equally bored.

ELDERLY PEOPLE AND OUR GUYS
(singing)
"Cum-bay-yah..."

There is a KNOCK on the opened door, and a guy with a UFC sweatshirt steps in.

33

UFC GUY
I have an invitation here for the
Lambda Lambda Lambdas.

Off the guys' excited reaction we:

CUT TO:

34 EXT. DENSE FOLIAGE AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD - LATER

A VAN with a UFC sticker pulls off to the side of the road and the doors open.

34

DRIVER
The pre-conference barbeque is right
down that path.

LEWIS
Thanks for the ride. See you when
it's over.
(to the guys)
This'll be a blast.

BOOGER
If we're not being screwed over by
the Alphas.

LEWIS
Ease up, Boog. You got to have a
little faith.

CUT TO:

A35 EXT. DOWN A JUNGLE PATH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The guys are lost.

A35

BOOGER
Faith?

Lewis notices a distant flickering flame.

LEWIS
See? There we go. Right over
there.

As the guys walk, we begin to HEAR the sounds of Indian drums.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
They even have a band.

BOOGER
 (not pleased)
 And just our luck, we get here
 during the drum solo.

Lamar is the first to notice that the flame they saw earlier is actually moving towards them.

LAMAR
 Guys...

WORMSER
 I don't know about this. Something
 doesn't smell right.

POINDEXTER
 It's me, I'm sorry. Anxiety makes
 me flatulent.

BOOGER
 Well take a valium or something.
 There's a flame heading towards us,
 we don't want an explosion.

Suddenly we HEAR a woman SCREAM. The guys stop in their tracks.
 There is silence. The Indian drums stop.

WORMSER
 Look!

ANGLE ON WORMSER'S POV

By the light of the moving torch, we now see a semi-nude, gagged
 Indian maiden, waving desperately towards our guys.

She is suddenly picked up by two INDIAN BRAVES and carried away,
 her gag being ripped from her mouth.

MAIDEN
 (blood-chilling)
 AAAHHHHH!!!

ANGLE ON THE GUYS

as they watch with their mouths agape.

LEWIS
 Guys, we have to help that poor
 woman.

The other four guys slowly turn their heads toward Lewis.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 I'm serious. We're Tri-Lambs. If
 not us, who? If not now, when?

BOOGER

Somebody else, some other time.

LEWIS

Come on, guys, I think she went this way.

Lewis takes off after the Indians. Lamar is the first of the others to follow.

LAMAR

I'm going to go, if only to find out where she got her outfit.

The other Tri-Lambs trepidatiously follow.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. VOLCANO - NIGHT

35

The guys climb a path to a flat volcanic rock which is lit by a dozen torches. The Indian Maiden is tied between two posts in the center of the pool of light.

Suddenly several other Indians step in, performing a ritualistic Indian chant.

The guys watch the spectacle.

WORMSER

What do you think they're doing?

LAMAR

Don't tell me they're sacrificing a virgin.

BOOGER

I hope not. A virgin is a terrible thing to waste.

Suddenly the chant climaxes and the Indians grab the Maiden and throw her into the darkness, in the direction of the stream.

The guys are mortified, especially as they notice several tall, dark forms stepping up behind them.

VOICE

(from behind)

Trespassers have witnessed sacred ritual. Must burn clothes and perform chant, or die as well.

LAMAR

(to Lewis)

Well, Mr. Hero, what now?

CUT TO:

A36 EXT. DENSE FOILAGE - A MOMENT LATER

A36

The guys, stripped to their underwear, prance around the fire as their clothes burn and the Indians watch from the shadows. Some of the clothes burn, although Poindexter's suit melts.

Suddenly the CHIEF steps out, claps his hands. The guys stop.

CHIEF

(same voice as before)

Intruders must leave Seminole country.

(accent breaking down)

So get outta Florida!

The guys look at each other. Poindexter thinks for moment, then:

POINDEXTER

"Etso-lomo-naro-tadis"

The Indians don't respond. Then Poindexter whispers to the guys.

POINDEXTER

(sotto)

I don't think they're really Indians.

LEWIS

(sotto)

How do you know?

POINDEXTER

(sotto)

I just said "Bite my crank" in Seminole, and they didn't do anything.

LAMAR

Then what are they?

POINDEXTER

(strains through his glasses)

Well, best I can tell is they're big guys with spears and tomahawks.

The guys look at each other. The guys nod. The guys look at the big guys with spears.

The guys run like hell.

GUYS

AAAggggghhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

Hold for a beat on the "Indians," who begin removing their headdresses and start cracking up as:

THE GUYS

tear through the woods and round a bend when suddenly --

LEWIS

is tripped and falls directly on the back of a MOVING MOUND OF FLESH which he rides up and down for a second until he realizes that this moving mound of flesh actually is --

OGRE

who suddenly sits up and turns around and screams:

OGRE
NEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRDS!!!

GUYS
OGGGGGGGGGGGGGRRRRRE!!!

Lewis flies off the guy's back and joins the guys, who turn and run away as, behind Ogre, the "Indian maiden" gets up, pulling on her shirt.

Then Roger and several of the other laughing jocks step into frame. They watch the guys run off as we:

CUT TO: .

36 EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE ROAD - NIGHT - LATER

36

The guys sit by a pay phone in their underwear, frustrated and angry, as cars full of chicks and dicks drive by, honking and laughing.

BOOGER
...And what really gets me is she
wasn't even a virgin.

WORMSER
Hey, Poin. I was just thinking.
You know how we we're worried
because they weren't Seminoles, and
didn't understand when you said
"Bite my crank"?

POINDEXTER
Yeah?

WORMSER
Well, if they were Seminoles, and
did understand, how much better off
would we have been?

The guys all turn and look at Poindexter.

LEWIS
Gosh darn those Alphas!

A carful of PRETTY GIRLS drives up.

GIRLS
(laughing)
Hi guys. Need a lift?

We HEAR a CAR HORN, and the Hotel Coral Essex Van, driven by Maxine Feinberg-Feldstein and containing a half a dozen Senior Citizens, pulls up. The door opens and the wheelchair lift lowers.

As the guys climb into the Van, we:

OMIT 37, 38, 39

OMIT 37, 38, 39
CUT TO:

40 EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO (POOLSIDE) - MORNING

40

Roger is having breakfast at the outdoor restaurant of the Hotel Royal Flamingo. Seated with him at his poolside table is Munsinger, Tiny, Gundy, Winston and Ogre.

OGRE
(to Roger)
I told you I'd be the delegate from
Adams, didn't I?

Roger looks at the other guys and rolls his eyes, indicating Ogre.

MUNSINGER
In my day, butt-wipes like that
couldn't even get into fraternities.
You went to college to drink beer,
play football and get laid. None of
that academic shit. We had
standards. I turned out just fine.
I mean look at me-- a hotel manager.

GUNDY
I thought you was just acting
manager.

Munsinger throws him a dirty look.

MUNSINGER
Well, at least you guys got rid of
those geeks.

ROGER
(raising his glass)
Here, here. To the last of the
nerds.

The other jocks raise their glasses in toast.

TINY

And to our big dicks.

Everyone looks at Tiny as Stewart shows up, showing Munsinger a lay-out of the convention floor.

STEWART

Mr. Munsinger? Sir? Sorry to bother you, but I've set up all the microphones and stuff. See?

Munsinger looks at the lay-out. Then:

MUNSINGER

Wai-wai-wai-wai-wai-wait a minute. Why'd you waste a microphone on the Tri-Lamb table. Those wimps aren't showing up.

STEWART

They're not? Why not?

MUNSINGER

You know, for a smart guy, you really are an idiot.

STEWART

It's an interesting dichotomy, isn't it, sir?

MUNSINGER

(not amused)

Lipsey, get back in there and take it down. Now.

Stewart walks back toward the convention hall as Munsinger gets up and crosses:

A41 INT. LOBBY - SAME

A41

Where Sunny is at the registration desk speaking to the Comstocks (the yuppie couple from before).

MR. COMSTOCK

I don't care what kind of convention you're holding. I didn't get a wink of sleep last night. There was yelling, screaming and carrying on like I don't know what.

MRS. COMSTOCK

We think we heard sheep noises.

SUNNY

Okay, I'll tell you what. Why don't I do this.

(handing them a slip of paper)

Here, this is a certificate for a free night the next time you stay with us.

MR. COMSTOCK

(turning away)

Well, all right. It still doesn't excuse it, but thanks.

MRS. COMSTOCK

(as she leaves)

I could've sworn I heard power tools.

The Comstocks walk away as Munsinger approaches.

MUNSINGER

What's this business about a free night?

SUNNY

Well, sir, I thought--

MUNSINGER

Listen, sweetheart, I'm not paying you to think. This hotel is not going to give away rooms while I'm acting manager. Unless, of course, you want it taken out of your paycheck. Got it? Now get your little ass back to work.

Munsinger slaps her on the rear as Stewart walks past.

STEWART

Sir! That's rude.

MUNSINGER

What?!

STEWART

Well, uh--

LEWIS (V.O.)

"If you believe in yourself, you can be a giant."

STEWART

(firmly)

I think what you did was rude, and
you should apologize.

CUT TO:

B41 INT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

B41

Stewart's body slides across the floor and through the open front
doors, where he upends the Comstocks and continues--

C41 EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME

C41

Lewis, Booger, Poindexter, Lamar and Wormser walk purposefully
toward the hotel.

LEWIS

I'm telling you guys, we're going to
be glad we didn't go home.

Stewart slides across the sidewalk and comes to rest at Lewis'
feet. Beat. Then Lewis throws his arms out, like an umpire.

LEWIS

Safe!

The guys all honk.

LEWIS

Stewart, what're you doing here?

STEWART

(still prone)

I'm standing up for myself.

LEWIS

Glad to hear it.

Stewart offers his hand. Lewis begins pulling him up.

SUNNY'S VOICE

Stewart?

Lewis turns and sees Sunny. Enamored, he drops Stewart with a
thud.

LEWIS

(not taking his eyes off

Sunny)

Sorry, Stew.

STEWART (O.C.)

No prob.

LEWIS

Hi, Sunny. Been working on your stroke?

SUNNY

Hey, Mr. Skolnick. Did you find a place to stay?

LEWIS

Please, call me The Hotel Coral Essex... Lewis... yes.

The other guys laugh. Lewis shushes them as Sunny turns to Stewart.

SUNNY

Stewart, I just wanted to thank you for sticking up for me. I feel really bad it got you fired.

LEWIS

Fired? Who fired you?

STEWART

Munsinger.

LEWIS

Munsinger? Munsinger?! He's the Alpha, isn't he?

CUT TO:

D41 INT. LOBBY - DAY

D41

Munsinger and Roger stand around the registration desk, scoping out women when Ogre, still stuffing his face, looks up.

OGRE

(mouth completely full)

NNNNNNRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGmmmmmmmm.

ROGER

Oh my God.

REVERSE ANGLE

The guys stand on the other side of the Lobby.

LEWIS

Which one of you apes is Munsinger?

MUNSINGER

I'm that ape.

STEWART

(sotto)

Don't you mean acting ape, sir?

The nerds back down as Munsinger starts across for Stewart, but Roger holds him back.

ROGER

Don't you guys get the message?
Nobody wants you here.

LEWIS

Wrong, sir. Adams College wants us here. We're their chosen delegates at this convention.

LAMAR

We do have a right to be here, sir.

POINDEXTER

That is correct. According to Article 34 of the Bylaws of the United Fraternities, all representatives qualified to represent represented organizations are, by law, allowed their rightful place.

BOOGER

Yeah, so kiss off.

ROGER

Fine, fine. You're right. I guess if that's the law, then that's the law.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CONVENTION HALL - LATER THAT MORNING

41

CLOSE ON A GAVEL banging on a podium. PULL BACK, revealing a convention banner on the podium, and Roger, leading the convention from behind it.

ROGER

...Alright, alright. So we are resolved to extend the reach of our domain to include technical and trade schools, and English-speaking universities outside of this country.

REVERSE ANGLE

The convention hall is packed with DELEGATES and banners.

FAVOR THE TRI-LAMBS

who are partially blocked by a pillar, sit on the floor, their table missing, their banner unrolled on their laps.

Booger looks to his left, brightening.

BOOGER'S POV

Across the room is a banner reading: "Lambda Lambda Lambda - USC". Beneath it, are its half a dozen good-looking, athletic black DELEGATES.

Booger nudges his pals as

AT THE PODIUM

Roger, flanked by Tiny, Gundy, Winston and Ogre, continues to address the conference.

ROGER

Now, our last order of business
concerns amendments to the
constitution, which will be voted on
tomorrow...

ANGLE ON OUR TRI-LAMBS

Waving like nerds. However, their enthusiasm is quickly quelled when the USC Tri-Lambs do everything in their power to ignore who they probably consider to be total geeks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Roger continues to talk.

ROGER

...Proposition 15, sponsored by the
Alpha Betas, will now be introduced
by Chip "Tiny" Hayes.

Tiny whispers something into Roger's ear.

ROGER

(beat; into mike)
Excuse me, Chip "The Pole" Hayes.

Applause. Tiny smiles, takes out a napkin upon which is scrawled the following resolution.

TINY

Whereas it is the moral obligation of every fraternity to glorify both the body as well as the mind, be it now resolved that all fraternities shall augment existing academic standards with new physical standards as well.

ANGLE ON THE TRI-LAMBS

and their shocked expressions.

TRI-LAMBS

What?!

LEWIS

That's unfair!

POINDEXTER

That's unconstitutional!

BOOGER

That bites!

ANOTHER ANGLE

TINY

There fore we resolve that at least half the membership of each fraternity must meet such standards, or be excluded from this conference.

BOOGER

(yells)

And who decides the standards?

ROGER

(gesturing to the dais of
jocks)

Why, your democratically elected leaders, of course. Do I hear a second?

OGRE

(leaping to his feet)

I second it.

Roger BANGS the gavel.

ROGER

Moved and seconded. The measure is on the ballot for tomorrow's session.

ANGLE ON THE TRI-LAMBS

LAMAR

So they can kick us out of the UFC
if we can't pass physical standards?

BOOGER

We're screwed!

LEWIS

(abruptly)

No, we're not. They're not getting
away with it. I promise each of you
that we are not going to get screwed
at this convention.

While Booger thinks about what this means, Lewis jumps up and
heads for a standing microphone in a nearby aisle.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Point of order! Point of order!!

One large jock blocks his way while another takes up position at
the mike, blocking Lewis from using it.

Lewis spots another microphone and goes for it, but he is again
blocked, this time by Gundy.

LEWIS

Out of my way. This isn't fair.

GUNDY

I'll let you have the mike as soon
as I make one announcement.

LEWIS

Well, just make it quick.

GUNDY

(into microphone)

Wet t-shirt contest on the beach!

ANGLE ON OUR TRI-LAMBS

Sitting, dejected, as the hall shakes from the stampede.

WIDER SHOT

The hall is empty. The Tri-Lambs look around as we

CUT TO:

42 EXT. BEACH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

42

A GORGEOUS CO-ED is hit by a bucketful of water. Her now-soaked
T-shirt reveals her breasts. Males gawk, yet somehow this young
female doesn't mind.

As they trudge, dejected, along the crowded beach.

LEWIS
We have twenty-four hours to get
through to these people.

WORMSER
How?

LEWIS
Well, they're rational
individuals...

FIVE HUGE GUYS, standing in a circle, power beers, then dive into
the center, butting heads.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
I'm sure if we just talked with
them...

A naked WOMAN in a football helmet is tackled by a JOCK with his
name and number actually tattooed to his back.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
...we could explain how what they're
doing is unfair...

A FAT GUY runs by, thumbs up, totally thrilled.

FAT GUY
(proudly, to the nerds)
I just blew chunks!
(then, running off, to
someone offscreen)
Hey dude, wait up! I just blew
chunks! Total technicolor rainbow!

LEWIS
...And completely inappropriate.

A BODY falls from the sky and lands directly in front of them on
the sand, then gets up and runs off, whooping excitedly.

LEWIS
Guys, I think our only hope is to
fight fire with fire.

BOOGER
I agree. Let's torch their hotel.

LEWIS
No. We've got to beat them at their
own game.

POINDEXTER

If I run naked on a beach I'll burn
my buttocks.

LEWIS

Let's throw a blowout party. A
party that'll show them we can tie
it on like the best of them.

The guys mutter ad-lib agreements.

LAMAR

Guy -- how are we going to get a
party together in the amount of time
we have?

MUSIC UP AS WE

OMIT 43-47

OMIT 43-47

CUT TO:

48 PARTY PREPARATION MONTAGE

48

The six nerds watch, eagerly, as Maxine Feinberg-Feldstein sighs, shrugs "what the hell", and then changes "BINGO NIGHT" on her activities calendar to "FRAT BLOW-OUT". The guys give her a thumbs up.

In the courtyard, speakers are set down as Stewart drains the pool.

In the hallway, Wormser, pulling a little cart and holding a sheet of paper containing some sort of list, knocks on a hotel room door.

Lamar moves through the kitchen, taking out pots, pans and utensils.

Poindexter exits a Ft. Lauderdale store with a wheelbarrowful of chocolate chips. After a beat, he is followed by several more STORE EMPLOYEES, who exit with wheelbarrows full of sugar, flour and baking soda, respectively.

Stewart is doing a major overhaul with the plumbing; rearranging pipes, re-hooking up valves...

Booger helps a RUM TRUCK back into the parking lot.

An ELDERLY WOMAN hands Wormser several pocket mirrors and a knitting needle or two. Wormser checks off his list, hands the woman a party hat and an invitation, and then dumps the mirrors and needles into his wheelbarrow, which we now see is fairly full of them.

Lamar exits the kitchen followed by a half a dozen or so ELDERLY WOMEN. All wear hip-length plastic boots (the kind fly fishermen wear). He leads them out into the back yard where he is joined by Poindexter, who is waiting with 10 or 11 heaping-full wheelbarrows (salt, butter, sugar, flour, etc).

Lewis, dressed in overalls, and a group of elderly HOTEL RESIDENTS, also dressed in overalls, roll a huge long HOSE up to a parked BEER TRUCK.

Lamar and the Old Ladies in their wading boots step down into the now-empty pool as Poindexter and the others start emptying the wheelbarrows into it behind them.

Wormser and Stewart hoist the needles and mirrors (now literally hundreds of them) to the roof.

Lewis and the men run the hose out of the beer truck and unroll it toward the Hotel.

Booger rolls a whole mess of searchlights into the back yard, and turns them facing upward.

Lamar and the Old Ladies jump up and down in the pool, mixing the "batter", as a bunch of ELDERLY MEN pour bottle after bottle of RUM in. Booger, making sure no one is looking, tosses in a pound or two of pot.

Lewis runs the beer hose back to the place where Stewart made the major plumbing adjustments.

On the roof, Stewart and Wormser have set up and are now adjusting what looks like a huge 40 foot net made from knitting needles and mirrors.

Stewart and Wormser look at each other, nod, look down at Lamar, who gives the thumbs-up sign and turns to Booger and Poindexter, who also give the thumbs-up sign to Lewis, who smiles and we:

END MONTAGE

49 EXT. HOTEL CORAL ESSEX POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

49

The guys convene by the pool, looking down into the 3 foot deep layer of batter.

LEWIS

Well ...

POINDEXTER

I think we're ready.

LAMAR

(tasting it)

Wait wait wait ...

He tosses one bucket more of sugar. Then:

LAMAR (CONT'D)

Okay.

STEWART

Okay.

Stewart then turns the upward-facing searchlights on. The beams bounce off the mirror/knitting needle contraption and are REFOCUSED BACK, in extremely concentrated rays TOWARD:

THE POOL

Inside of which we now see the BATTER-LIKE SUBSTANCE begin to RISE, and we:

CUT TO:.

50 EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE STRIP - NIGHT

50

The Hotel Coral Essex van screeches past groups of partiers, etc., scattering flyers willy-nilly.

ROGER, OGRE, TINY

react as a whole stack land at their feet. Ogre picks one up.

ANGLE ON FLYER

"Visit the Lambda Lambda Lambda 'NO ON 15' BLOWOUT!! - Three blocks north-- Look for "HOT ORAL SEX"!!

On the jocks' reaction, we:

CUT TO:

51 EXT. HOTEL CORAL ESSEX - NIGHT

51

Stewart pulls a switch, blackening out several bulbs in the exterior sign. It now reads: "HOT ORAL SEX". PAN TO:

THE STREET

As a car slams on its brakes and fishtails. Another runs into it. And a whole bunch just begin pulling up.

THE NERDS

Look at each other and smile. We HEAR a loud POUNDING RHYTHM TRACK, and we:

CUT TO:

Carloads and carloads of curious prospective party-goers walk up the front walkway, and continue in. They notice that

IN THE COURTYARD

A 32,000 gallon DOUBLE-FUDGE HASH/RUM CAKE is now rising from the pool. The nerds, ready with bathtubs full of whipped cream, chocolate sauce, nuts, cherries, jimmies, etc, start throwing it all on the rising cake as --

Stewart turns on THE SPRINKLERS and BEER shoots out across the lawn.

Partiers enter, look around, and are basically blown away as we begin --

THE PARTY - VARIOUS SHOTS

FRATERNITY GUYS and SORORITY GIRLS dance in the courtyard, drinking beer from drinking fountains and gorging themselves on the cake. HOTEL CORAL ESSEX RESIDENTS, happily standing knee-deep in the cake, cut pieces off and serve.

With the MUSIC BLARING, things become pretty wild pretty quickly. Along with the WILD STUFF which will be interspersed throughout (you know, frat guys diving head first into the chocolate "deep end", people taking showers in beer, etc.), the following also happens:

IN A CORNER

An ELDERLY WOMAN is showing photos of her grandchildren to TWO SORORITY GIRLS. They nod, smile, comment on how cute they are.

BY THE PUNCH BOWL

Booger HEARS a SNORTING SOUND and turns as a vile, disgusting MAN (the guy who belched the other day) blows snot from his nose with one finger. The man looks up, extending his hand.

MAN

How're you doin'? Edgar
Greenblatt... They call me Snotty.

Booger extends his hand, impressed.

BOOGER

Dudley Dawson. They call me Booger.

Both start to shake hands, then think better of it.

WORMSER

sits on an ELDERLY WOMAN'S LAP.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Your parents must be so proud of
you...

Wormser looks directly AT CAMERA and rolls his eyes, embarrassed.

AND

just in case we've forgotten, there's still lots of loud ROCK 'N ROLL MUSIC blaring, and frat guys doing more wild and goofy stuff (you know, chasing naked girls around, stuffing themselves with food and drink, etc.). In fact, in one scene --

A FRAT GUY and a SORORITY GIRL are looking for a place to have pre-marital sex when they open the door to the:

REC ROOM

and burst in on a FRAT GUY who has snuck in, and is holding a ball of yarn and knitting needles.

FRAT GUY

(totally embarrassed)

What!? I like knitting.

(beat)

What!?

MOVING WITH POINDEXTER

as he follows and elderly WOMAN around the courtyard. We're not exactly sure what he quite sees in her until WE SEE EXACTLY WHAT POINDEXTER SEES.

POINDEXTER'S POV: Through the blur, this is the sexiest woman we've ever seen.

ON THE STEPS

Lamar is talking to another ELDERLY WOMAN.

LAMAR

(incredulous)

No way -- you did not live right
next door to her!

WOMAN

(nodding)

In fact, I used to babysit for the
entire Garland family ...

ON THE "DANCE FLOOR"

Loud, upbeat ROCK MUSIC POUNDS as Lewis and Stewart lead a line of FRAT BOYS, OLD GUYS, ELDERLY WOMEN, and SORORITY GIRLS in a "Bunny Hop", as --

ROGER AND THE ALPHAS

show up, look around. They're actually pretty impressed.

IN THE CORNER

where, earlier, the Elderly Woman was showing the Sorority Girls the photos of her grandchildren, now the Sorority Girls are showing the Woman photos of their boyfriends

BACK BY THE PUNCH BOWL

Booger is rapt as he listens to Snotty.

SNOTTY

(mid-sentence)

... dripping, inflamed sores. And
the pus, oh, the pus ...

THE PARTY - VARIOUS OTHER SHOTS

Old men dance with Sorority girls. Old women dance with frat boys. Lamar dances with a straight guy and his girlfriend. Nobody cares. Everybody eats, drinks, has the time of their lives, and then:

LEWIS

climbs up onto

A MAKE-SHIFT STAGE

Behind him, the other Nerds also get on the stage and begin preparing for something. Only Stewart hangs off to the side.

LEWIS

(through mic)

May I have your attention please?
Excuse me everyone --

People quiet down and turn toward the stage.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Great. Thanks. Listen,
there's a point to this party
tonight, besides just having fun...
Seems an initiative has been,
well... initiated, which we feel
does not reflect the true spirit of
brotherhood. Lamar?

Lamar steps up to the mike. The nerds start in on the rhythm.

LAMAR

Ladies and gentlemen
It's time to clap
So put your hands together
And I'll do the rap.
Like you ran over here
I'll run this down for you
The members of the --

NERDS

Lambda Lambda Lambda crew!
Lewis --

LAMAR

-- is the head
Of our crew

EVEYBODY

Booger --

LAMAR

-- on the guitar
He's with us too

EVERYBODY

Poindexter --

LAMAR

-- is backing us
On the strings

EVERYBODY

Wormser --

LAMAR

-- is scratching, yeah
He's doing his thing.
And I'm the L - A - M
The A and the R
They call me Latrelle
But you can call me --

EVERYBODY

-- Lamar!

LAMAR

I got a --

EVERYBODY

-- homeboy --

LAMAR

-- for you
And you're gonna be pleased
So get on the mic
M.C. Lip-C!
(reverb)
C -- C -- C -- C --

STEWART

totally shy, looks up as all the others try and coax him up.

LAMAR (O.S.)

M.C. Lip-C!
C -- C -- C -- C --

But Stewart is still shy, even when he HEARS:

LEWIS (V.O.)

(in his head)

C'mon, Stewart, if you believe in
yourself, you can be a giant ...
Stewart. If you believe in yourself
--

A WIDER SHOT

reveals that it's not a voice in his head that he's hearing, but
rather, he is actually hearing --

LEWIS (CONT'D)

(on stage)

-- you can be a giant. C'mon,
Stewart... get on up here...

ANGLE ON STEWART

As he contemplates. Beat. Then we see Stewart start to slowly
grow out of his shell. Another beat. All of a sudden Stewart's
face bursts with animation as he yells:

STEWART

Kick it!!!

and

ON STAGE

The music kicks back in as Stewart burst into total performance
mode.

STEWART

Well my name is Lip-C
Or you can call me Stu
And I hope someday
To be a part of this crew
But before I am
We got a question for you

STEWART AND LAMAR

What time is it?

EVERYBODY

It's time to cut loose!

STEWART

Some people wear pants

LAMAR

That ain't that fly
They got flood waters on

STEWART

That means their pants are too high
Some people's nose is too big

LAMAR

Some people's head is too small

STEWART

Some people catch flack

LAMAR

Cause they ain't too tall
Some people --

STEWART

(points to Poindexter)
-- real smart

LAMAR

Some people --

STEWART

(points to Lamar)
-- into art

LAMAR

Some got --

STEWART

(points to Wormser)
-- a head start

STEWART AND LAMAR

Does that mean we're worlds apart?

EVERYBODY
No!

STEWART
We're not --

EVERYBODY
Jerks!

LAMAR
We're not --

EVERYBODY
Losers!

STEWART AND LAMAR
And we're not --

EVERYBODY
Geeks!

STEWART
We're not --

EVERYBODY
Dorks!

LAMAR
We're not --

EVERYBODY
Wimps!

STEWART AND LAMAR
And we're not --

EVERYBODY
Freaks!

STEWART
We're just normal people
That you see

LAMAR
Like me Lamar
And my buddy Lip-C

STEWART
So stop acting ill

LAMAR
Cause it ain't no use

STEWART AND LAMAR
What time is it?

EVERYBODY
It's time to cut loose!
People --

LAMAR
-- think
That we're for the birds

STEWART
They call us names

LAMAR
They call us nerrrr --

STEWART
-- vous
Is what they really are

LAMAR
Judging themselves
By the make of their car

STEWART
But when you see me
Or one of the crew

LAMAR
You'll see we don't hide
Anything from you
So break it down y'all!

LEWIS

does the human rhythm box, honking to the beat. He passes off to--

POINDEXTER

who does a funky violin solo. He passes off to --

BOOGER

who does a totally bitchin' guitar riff. He passes to --

WORMSER

who scratches on the record player. He looks up at Lamar, who gets back to the mike.

LAMAR
Take it Maxine!

as --

steps up to a mike and strums her folk guitar, all MUSIC STOPS.

MAXINE

Cum - bay - yah, m'lord

Cum - bay - yah,

Cum - bay - yah, m'lord

Cum - bay - yah ...

MUSIC UP full-force again as --

ON STAGE

Lamar takes the mike.

LAMAR

So don't diss us

STEWART

What?

LAMAR

Don't dismiss us

STEWART AND LAMAR

Cause one day you might

Want to kiss us

LAMAR

Don't disrespect us

STEWART

What?

LAMAR

Don't reject us

STEWART AND LAMAR

Cause we will not let

You neglect us

STEWART

Now listen party people

LAMAR

We got to go

STEWART

We wanna thank you very much

LAMAR

For coming to the show

And if you get anything

STEWART

From this Lambda bunch

LAMAR
It's that there's no such thing

STEWART
As a free lunch

EVERYBODY
No!

STEWART
We don't want any

LAMAR
Money from you

STEWART
But there is something that

LAMAR
We want you to do
Before we go

STEWART
We'll give you this note

EVERYBODY
No on fifteen
Is the way to vote!
No on fifteen
Is the way to vote!
No on fifteen
Is the way to vote!

A large, quilted BANNER drops behind the stage, revealing the words "NO ON 15" knitted into the tapestry, and as the crowd breaks into tumultuous applause we:

CUT TO:

53 EXT. HOTEL CORAL ESSEX - COURTYARD - THE NEXT MORNING

53

PAN ACROSS the backyard, revealing the party's aftermath. Frosting, candles, cake crumbs, whipped cream, and then--

BODIES

Asleep in the early morning sun. Old folks are strewn about, as are several remaining sorority girls and frat boys.

ANGLE ON LEWIS

as Roger steps up to him. After a beat, Lewis awakens.

LEWIS
(suspiciously)
What do you want?

ROGER
 Just to say "I'm sorry."
 (extending his hand)
 I'm offering you my hand. I hope
 you're a big enough man to take it.

On Lewis' confused reaction, we:
 OMIT 54

OMIT 54

CUT TO:

A55 INT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO HALLWAY AND SUITE - 45 MINUTES LATER A5

Roger opens the door to the Alpha suite and gestures inside to the nerds. All the other Alphas are there, heads bowed and looking contrite.

ROGER
 It's all yours, guys. We moved out
 this morning.

The nerds look around, mouths agape.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 We want you to know how sorry we are
 for what we've done.
 (beat)
 Anybody who can party like you dudes
 is okay with us.

LEWIS
 (sotto to Booger)
 We must be dreaming.

Booger looks down.

BOOGER
 Naw. If this was a dream, I'd have
 a boner.

CUT TO:

55 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - LATER THAT DAY

55

The hall is again packed and Roger, at the podium, BANGS a gavel.

ROGER
 Motion is carried. Proposition 15
 is hereby removed from the agenda
 and is rendered moot.

ANGLE ON THE NERDS

LEWIS
 They actually did it.

WORMSER

Maybe the Alphas aren't such bad guys after all.

ROGER

I have a new order of business.
Could we have Lewis Skolnick,
President of the Adams College
chapter of Lambda Lambda Lambda up
here on the podium?

ANGLE ON THE NERDS

as Lewis looks around, then rises to the APPLAUSE of his
fraternity brothers. Smiling, he takes the long walk down the
aisle to the podium as a murmur goes through the crowd.

As Lewis mounts the stage, Roger continues.

ROGER

In order to make certain this
organization is never again
embarrassed by such misguided deeds
as the Alphas are guilty of, I
hereby propose a constitutional
amendment.

(then, reading)

Henceforth, any fraternity guilty of
illegal or improper conduct shall be
expelled from the United Fraternity
Conference and their national
charter revoked.

(then, to Lewis)

And Lewis, I'd like the record here
today to reflect that we proposed
this amendment together.

ANGLE ON THE NERDS

They can't believe what they're saying.

LAMAR

I'm going to cry.

Booger fishes out a handkerchief and passes it to Lamar, who
starts to take it, then thinks better of it.

LEWIS

smiles.

ROGER

smiles

ROGER'S HAND

is extended in friendship to Lewis.

LEWIS' HAND

reaches out and grasps Roger's. Both hands, now clasped, are raised in triumph.

The MUSIC SWELLS dramatically.

ROGER (O.S.)
All those in favor?

CUT TO:

A56 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A56

As the sound of the convention delegates, shouting as one, is heard:

DELEGATES (O.S.)
Aye!!!

A jagged lightning bolt cuts through the night.

CUT TO:

56 INT. BOMBAY HOTEL ROOM - SAME

56

The CAMERA PANS from an empty king-size bed down to the floor, where Gilbert, wearing a turban, bolts upright.

GILBERT
Oh, Lewis, Lewis, Lewis...

WIDEN SHOT TO REVEAL Gilbert is sitting on a bed of nails. After a beat, he looks down.

GILBERT (CONT'D)
Ow.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO POOL AREA - DAY

57

The Tri-Lambs share a poolside table. Each drinks from a hollowed out fruit: pineapple, coconut, papaya, watermelon, grape.

Lewis struggles to lift his watermelon in a toast.

LEWIS
Gentlemen, we did it. We finally proved to ourselves and to the others that we are accepted. Here's to the Alphas.

As the others raise their "glasses," we RACK FOCUS across the quad where--

A58 INT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO LOBBY

A58

Roger, flanked by two pretty women, LORI and MICHELLE, talks to Sunny at the registration desk. Munsinger stands there as well.

ROGER

...So I feel terrible about the way I acted, and I thought maybe you guys could use my car, have a good time.

SUNNY

That's really sweet of you. But --
(looking at Munsinger)
I mean, I have to work.

MUNSINGER

Part of your job includes taking care of our customers. These guys are important guests. I want them to be happy.

SUNNY

You what?

MUNSINGER

Earlier I erred in my judgement. These guys are real good nerds-slash-men.

SUNNY

(skeptical)
Well ... okay.

Roger winks at Munsinger, as we:

CUT TO:

B58 EXT. POOLSIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

B58

The nerds are now being served the next round of drinks. This time they come in even more ridiculous containers: a conch shell a music box, a ship complete with rigging, a catcher's mitt. Poindexter drinks from a plain glass.

LEWIS

What do you say, guys? To U.N.
Jefferson and all the others who'll
be real proud of us back home.

The guys start raising their drinks as, then stop, noticing that-

SUNNY, LORI AND MICHELLE

are walking right towards them, smiling.

THE NERDS

look behind them, convinced the girls could not be walking towards them.

WORMSER

Uh oh. We must be in their seats.

LAMAR

No, I think they're actually coming to talk to us.

BOOGER

Whatever's in these drinks I want to order a case of it.

LEWIS

It's not the drinks. It's us. They can tell we're winners. It shows.

(to Booger)

Snall we?

BOOGER

What, fuck 'em?

LEWIS

No! Talk to them. Find out what they're like. Find out what they think about.

BOOGER

Find out what they look like naked.

LAMAR

Find out if any of them has a brother.

WORMSER

(realizing the girls have been standing right there)

Find out how long they've been listening to our conversation.

The tableful of guys look up.

LEWIS

Hello ladies. Hi Sunny.

SUNNY

Hi Lewis.

GUYS

So....

GIRLS

So....

Booger can't take much more of this.

BOOGER

(abruptly)

So, do you want to get funky or
what?

CUT TO:

58 EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

58

A large red convertible filled with the nerds and the three girls
roars down the highway.

THE GROUP

(singing)

"...She wore an itsy-bitsy, teeny-
weeny, yellow polka dot bikini..."

CUT TO:

59 EXT. BEACH - THAT AFTERNOON

59

CLOSE ON LORI as she lets go of a Frisbee. FOLLOW TIGHT on the
Frisbee as it sails far down the beach, sailing, sailing, finally
klunking Poindexter on the forehead, knocking him over.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lewis and Sunny lie on a blanket as, in the background, Booger,
Michelle, Lamar and Wormser play in the water. Lewis just stares
at Sunny.

SUNNY

Lewis...?

LEWIS

Yes...?

SUNNY

Will you rub some of that lotion on
my back?

Lewis convulsively clenches his fist, spewing lotion across her
back.

SUNNY

Lewis? What are you doing?

LEWIS
(defensively)
Nothing. Nothing whatsoever.
(then sincerely)
Sunny, the truth is I'm a little nervous.

SUNNY
Nervous?

LEWIS
See, I'm not the cool dude I seem to be.

SUNNY
Uh, no?

LEWIS
I've never rubbed lotion on anybody except Poindexter there.
(then quickly)
I mean that was just lotion. I sure wasn't thinking the kind of thoughts I've been thinking as I'm touching you.
(then)
Boy, I can't believe this.

SUNNY
What?

LEWIS
That I'm sitting here, shooting my-- lotion on a girl who could date anybody she wanted in the entire state of Florida.

Sunny laughs.

SUNNY
You want to know the truth? I don't date very much at all.

LEWIS
Get out of town! I'll bet guys like Roger ask you out all the time.

SUNNY
Yeah, but guys like Roger ask everybody out all the time. Sometimes it's the shyer guys you wish would ask you out once in a while.

LEWIS
Get out of town!!

SUNNY

No, girls like me are usually asked out by guys with barely enough glial cells to be considered primates.

LEWIS

What do you mean "enough" glial cells?

SUNNY

Well, I was speaking facetiously, of course. Anyone knows glial cells are not measured in quantity, but in respect to their ratio to neurons in the parietal lobe.

Beat. Lewis realizes what has just transpired.

LEWIS

GET OUT OF TOWN!!

Lewis rolls on his back, kicking his legs up in excitement. Michelle approaches from the water.

MICHELLE

Hey! We're thirsty. Can you guys go get us some beer?

LEWIS

(sitting up)

Brewski? You got it!

(to Sunny)

What do you say we kill off some of those excess glial cells?

He jumps to his feet. Michelle hands him the keys to the Roger's car.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

See you in a couple minutes, Sunny.

(calling off)

C'mon, guys! Beer run!

Lewis waves bye to the girls as he joins the other nerds on the way to Rogers car. Michelle turns to Sunny.

MICHELLE

Don't worry. We'll be outa here in no time.

SUNNY

What are you talking about?

Lewis honks the car horn and peels out and we

CUT TO:

Five happy Tri-Lambs tool down the highway in the totally hot red convertible, sporting wide grins and BLARING THE RADIO.

LEWIS

I'm telling you guys, I've never spent time with a girl who looked like that and who knew the importance of the glial cell-neuron ratio.

POINDEXTER

I've never spent time with a girl who looked like that, period.

LAMAR

Come to think of it ... I've never spent time with a girl.

LEWIS

I think I'm in love.

(then)

Oh my God! I've transgressed! I've had adulterous thoughts!

Lewis screeches the car into the Liquor Store parking lot.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You guys get the alcoholic beverages. I've got to call Betty and make an honest man out of myself.

61 EXT. LIQUOR STORE

61

Lewis hops out without opening the door as everyone else runs into the store.

A62 INT. LIQUOR STORE

A62

Wormser tosses a fake I.D. onto the counter.

CLERK

(reading it, then)

Go ahead Rear Admiral Wormser.

(an afterthought)

Sir.

B62 EXT. STORE

B62

Lewis, holding Betty's Eta Pi sorority pin, speaks on the phone.

LEWIS

Hi, Betty. I'm so glad you're home.

(beat)

Lewis.

(beat)

Skolnick.

(then)

You'll have to speak up. I can
hardly hear you.

INTERCUT WITH:

C62 INT. BETTY'S ROOM - ADAMS COLLEGE PI HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

C62

Betty is in bed, a sheet pulled up to her shoulders, where she
cradles the phone. She is breathing heavily.

BETTY

I said I miss you, darling.
Darling? You're mouth-breathing
again, aren't you?

LEWIS

Yes, I am. Because Betty, I've done
something terrible. Are you out of
breath?

BETTY

Yes. I was just ... working out.

LEWIS

Listen, Betty, I have to tell you
something about --

BETTY

You don't have to say it, Lewis. I
miss you, too.

LEWIS

Good. I mean, no, not good. See,
I--

BETTY

You've been thinking of me every
minute?

LEWIS

Well, no. No, then yes. See, I --

BETTY

Finally realized how much I mean to
you?

LEWIS

Well, -- in a way. Betty, see I've
met someone and I --

BETTY

(rapidly)

Oh, really? Well, you little snot.
You weasel. You worm. You think
you can just waltz right out of my
life without so much as a fare-thee-
well? Well, get lost, mister! If
you think I'm going to sit around
here pining after you, you've got
another thing coming. Nerd!

Betty slams down the phone. The SHOT WIDENS to reveal a MUSCULAR
JOCK, naked in bed with her, holding hand puppets.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Okay, start again from "My, what big
teeth you have..."

CUT BACK TO:

62 EXT. LIQUOR STORE

62

Lewis hangs up the phone.

LEWIS

(to himself)

That was easier than I thought.

He tosses aside the sorority pin. We HEAR it land and roll down
some sort of metallic tube. Then Lewis turns and finds himself --

-- looking square in the eye of the barrel of a shotgun.

Behind the gun is a POLICE OFFICER. The cop tilts down the gun
and the pin rolls out and pitters onto the ground. He raises the
gun back up just as --

Wormser exits the store, rolling several cases of beer on a dolly.

WORMSER

I got beer! I got beer! I got --

He stops dead in his tracks. The other guys, behind him, do the
same.

WORMSER

-- busted.

POLICEMAN #1

You're under arrest.

LEWIS

Excuse me. What's all this about?

POLICEMAN #2

Grand theft auto. A Mr. Roger Lattimore reported this vehicle stolen this morning from the Hotel Royal Flamingo parking lot.

Lewis smiles, relieved.

LEWIS

Oh, no no no. This is a complete misunderstanding. This car was lent to us by the three beautiful girls who are our dates.

POLICEMAN #1

(to Policeman #2)

Beautiful girls.

POLICEMAN #2

Uh-huh.

The Policemen try to keep from cracking up as we:

CUT TO:

63 INT. FORT LAUDERDALE JAIL BOOKING ROOM - DAY

63

Lewis sadly poses for a mug shot.

Lamar sadly poses for a mug shot.

Poindexter sadly poses for a mug shot.

Wormser sadly poses for a mug shot.

Booger sports a wide grin for his mug shot.

CUT TO:

64 INT. CELL BLOCK - A LITTLE LATER

64

A door swings open and A GUARD ushers the guys, still in their swimming trunks, down a corridor.

BOOGER

"We're winners," you said. "They can see it," you said.

LEWIS

Okay, so I'm stupid. You believed me. What does that make you?

BOOGER

A felon.

The last of the guys, Wormser, struggles as a guard pushes him into the cell.

WORMSER

I'm telling you, I'm just a kid!
I'm only fifteen years old!

GUARD

(looking at an ID card)
That's not what it says here,
Senator Wormser.

The Guard slams the door behind them and locks it.

65 INT. HOLDING CELL

65

Lewis grasps the bars in frustration.

LEWIS

I actually liked her. I trusted
her. I thought "here's a beautiful
girl and she's interested in me".
Why wasn't I thinking?

BOOGER

You were thinking. You were just
using the wrong head.

WORMSER

Guys. I think there's something
that may be of greater importance
here.

LEWIS

Such as?

WORMSER

Such as it's going to be a bit
inconvenient trying to finish
college from prison.

LAMAR

And they'll probably still make us
take the orals.

Beat. The guys sit, discouraged.

POINDEXTER

Uh oh, I just realized something.

All heads turn to Poindexter.

POINDEXTER (CONT'D)

It seems to me that the amendment
Lewis co-sponsored could be used
against us to destroy the Tri-Lambs.

Beat. Then Lewis makes a fist and slams it into the palm of his
other hand.

LEWIS

Gosh darn it to heck, anyway.

A large, gnarled HAND taps him on the shoulder. Lewis brushes it aside without turning around.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Do you mind? I'm cursing here.

The large, gnarled HAND returns to his shoulder.

A WIDER SHOT

Reveals the large, gnarled individual who belongs to the hand, a gentleman named POT ROAST.

POT ROAST

Hey!

Lewis whirls on Pot Roast.

LEWIS

Do you mind? We're talking here and this does not pertain to you!

Lewis turns back to the others as Pot Roast remains standing behind him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

What are we going to tell Dean Ulich? Or U.N. Jefferson?

Pot Roast grabs Lewis' shoulder and turns him around.

POT ROAST

Listen, you little geek --

LEWIS

(freaking)

Hey, fuckface! I'm in no mood to deal with two-ton one-brow half-wits like you!

Lewis grabs Pot Roast's shirt, pulling his face down to his level.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

(punctuating each word with a slap to Pot Roast's face)

Now sit the fuck down before you really piss me off!!!

He releases Pot Roast, who cowers away in fear. Lewis feigns a step and Pot Roast darts back into his corner.

POINDEXTER

Lewis, do you realize you just
slapped a Wookie?

LEWIS

I did?

The guys all nod. As Lewis looks in disbelief at the cowering Pot
Roast, we:

CUT TO:

66

INT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO/ROGER'S SUITE - DAY

66

Roger, Tiny, Winston, Ogre and Gundy are sitting around laughing.

OGRE

(hefting a beer bottle)

To Ogre-- me-- the new and rightful
delegate from Adams College.

Roger shoots a derisive glance at Ogre.

OGRE (CONT'D)

No more nerds -- ever!!!

There is a knock at the door and Gundy opens it, revealing
Stewart, who is now dressed in a White Castle uniform. He also
has a few chains around his neck.

STEWART

Yo yo yo. I'm looking for my home
boys.

ROGER

Looks like you got us instead.

STEWART

I said home boys, not ho-mos.

(quickly realizing)

Whooops.

The jocks glare.

OGRE

What did you say nerd?

Ogre bites the neck off his beer bottle. Stewart tries to think
quickly.

STEWART

Actually, gentlemen, in many
societies it was the homosexuals who
occupied the ruling class. Take the
Greeks your fraternal system
emulates, for example...

The jocks get up, start walking toward him.

GUNDY

Rog, I thought we got rid of all the nerds.

ROGER

So did I.

STEWART

Uh, yo yo yo, I was told the Tri-Lambs were here.

TINY

Were is right.

The jocks laugh menacingly. Stewart is at a loss, when he HEARS:

LEWIS' VOICE

(in his head)

"If you stand up for yourself--"

STEWART

(interrupting the voice in his head)

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(to the jocks)

Listen, you can't talk to me that way, I'm with the White Castle people now. And what have you done with the Tri-Lambs?

OGRE

Ooooooooooooo! Big talk.

STEWART

(to Ogre)

Thank you.

(then, to Roger)

You're in big trouble if you don't tell me where they are.

Again the Alphas ridicule him.

ROGER

Okay, you're right. I should tell you.

(then, closing the door)

It's a very sad story-- very sad.

STEWART

(fearfully)

What you are saying?

Roger puts his arm around Stewart and leads him across the room toward the sun deck.

ROGER

See, they're in jail. For stealing my car. And the saddest part is now they're gonna get their whole fraternity thrown out of the conference.

STEWART

Wait a minute. What do you mean-- thrown out?

CUT TO:

67 EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO - POOL AREA - SAME - LONG SHOT 67

After a beat, a body is hurled from the third floor balcony.

STEWART

(as he plummets toward the pool)

Yo yo yo . . .

ANGLE ON MUNSINGER

At the bottom, who is standing talking to a bikini clad co-ed. He pats his pot belly, which hangs over the waist of his too-tight trousers.

MUNSINGER

I was a thirty-two waist in college and I still wear a thirty two.

STEWART'S VOICE

...yo ... yo... yo ...

ANGLE ON THE COMSTOCKS

as they float on rubber rafts in the pool, their eyes closed.

MRS. COMSTOCK

Ah, peace ... peace at last.

KERSPLASH! Stewart lands right between the Comstocks, capsizing them both.

STEWART

(bobbing up out of the water)

...yo.

SUNNY

emerges from the hotel, still in her beach clothes, hears laughter and looks up.

SUNNY'S POV

The Alphas, on the third floor sundeck, laugh down at--

THE POOL

Where Stewart bobs helplessly. Munsinger, seeing him, offers his hand, but as Stewart takes it, Munsinger pushes him back down under the water.

MUNSINGER

Hey, nerd. I thought I fired you.

Sunny rushes to Munsinger's side.

SUNNY

Excuse me, Mr. Munsinger. But it might look bad to the guests to see you drowning someone.

Munsinger takes a beat, then.

MUNSINGER

You're right. You drown him.

Munsinger exits quickly and Sunny helps Stewart out of the water.

STEWART

Yo yo. Saved by my friendly ex-co-worker. Listen, I got trouble.

SUNNY

What is it? What's wrong?

STEWART

They said the Tri-Lambs stole a car and are in jail. My friends wouldn't do that.

SUNNY

Wait a minute. Who told you this?

Stewart points up to the jocks on the third floor.

STEWART

Them. They did it to get the Tri-Lambs thrown out of the conference.

SUNNY

(looking up, realizing)

Oh God. Oh God, I'm such an idiot.
Come on.

As she leads him across the pool area, Sunny looks up, making eye contact with Roger on his sundeck.

ANGLE ON SUNDECK

as the jocks laugh. As Roger spots Sunny, his laughter stops.

ROGER

Boy, you know, this is a problem
that just won't go away.

TINY

(scratching his crotch)

Yeah. It's like my crabs.

(then)

Guys, it's a joke. I don't have
crabs. Seriously. It was a joke.

Nobody believes Tiny, and we:

CUT TO:

68 INT. FORT LAUDERDALE JAIL BOOKING ROOM - DAY

68

Stewart paces by the desk as the Guard leads Lewis, Booger, Poindexter, Wormser and Lamar in from the jail. There is immediate joy with overlapping calls of "Stewart," "I knew we had a friend," "Thank God," etc.

STEWART

Hey guys, I guess I sprung you from
the Big House.

(to Wormser)

Hey, kid, how was hard time?

LEWIS

Stewart, how did you pay for this?

STEWART

It wasn't me. It was her.

Sunny is approaching from the bail window, pocketing a receipt.

Everyone falls silent.

LEWIS

(coolly)

You.

SUNNY

Lewis, I'm sorry. I swear, I didn't
know what they were going to do.

Lewis turns and heads back toward the jail.

LEWIS

We'd rather stay in jail.

Lewis exits. The others stand motionless. A beat later he re-enters.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Well, are the rest of you guys coming?

BOOGER

(sotto)

Lewis, I hate her guts too, but I can do that much better outside of jail.

LEWIS

I don't trust her.

BOOGER

I promise if she does anything tricky I'll wrestle her to the ground.

The look in Booger's eyes tells Lewis that he means it.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE JAIL - A MOMENT LATER

69

The Tri-Lambs, Stewart and Sunny exit the police station. The instant the group is clear of the steps, Lewis quickens his pace. The other Tri-Lambs follow.

SUNNY

Wait, Lewis!

Lewis continues walking.

LEWIS

I should've known you were one of them. Damn! I'm such an idiot.

(to Stewart)

You have to understand, it's been two years of the same thing.

WORMSER

Personally, I can only take a few more years of it, then I'm going to fight.

BOOGER

I say we fight now.

LEWIS

Yeah, right. As if it matters. As if they won't find another way to try and get rid of us. You know them, Booger, they'll send somebody else like her.

(then, to Sunny)

You're not worth the lotion I squirted on you.

SUNNY

Lewis, I swear to you. I didn't know.

LEWIS

Yeah, right. "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me." Well, shame on me for fooling myself that I fit in.

Lewis walks off, ahead of the group. After a beat, Stewart scrambles to catch up with him.

STEWART

Yo yo, my man. Hold the road. Slow down.

LEWIS

Forget it, Stewart. It's over.

STEWART

You sound like I used to before you taught me to stand up for myself. Sure, it got me fired from my job and hurled off a balcony, and sure, many people would consider those negative things, and sure, maybe they are, but you know what? At least I respect myself.

LEWIS

It doesn't matter anymore. It doesn't matter that we're spiffy dressers, or have good personal hygiene --

(then, noticing Booger)

-- for the most part. People don't want us around.

The guys turn a corner and walk directly into a "Hotel Royal Flamingo" Van. Leaning against it are the Alphas.

WINSTON

No shit, Sherlock.

In an instant, the Alphas grab the Tri-Lambs, Stewart and Sunny and throw them in the van and we:

CUT TO:

70 EXT. SMALL DESERTED ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

70

FAR SHOT OF A BOAT

A thirty-foot cruiser, The Royal Flamingo, sits off the coast of a tiny deserted island. Although far from the boat, we can hear Booger's voice:

BOOGER (O.C.)

You idiots can bring us here, but there's no way you can make us go ashore.

A body flies off the boat. Then another, and another, and another. Soon all the nerds are in the water.

ON THE BOAT

Roger, Ogre, Winston, Tiny, and Gundy all enjoy this immensely. Especially Ogre. They stop laughing when Sunny walks up.

SUNNY

You know, you guys are unbelievable.

ROGER

We spared you, didn't we?

TINY

Yeah, good thing for you you're good looking.

Sunny looks at the jocks, shakes her head.

ROGER

Okay, let's head back, guys.

SUNNY

Wait a second.

Sunny turns, walks to the rail, then turns back.

SUNNY

I'd rather wither on an island than spend ten minutes with any of you.

With that, she jumps over the rail and starts swimming towards shore.

TINY

Weird chick, man.

OGRE

(calling)

Hey nerds! You'll be missed tonight
at the convention when we vote your
asses out of existence!

(turning to Roger)

Boy, I can't wait to tell everybody
how we outsmarted them and framed
them and got them arrested for doing
nothing.

Roger and Gundy trade concerned looks.

ROGER

Ogre. You can't tell people.
That'll give us away.

OGRE

So what? If anyone gets mad, I'll
take care of them. Man, I can't
wait.

Roger shoots a glance at Winston, who surreptitiously unlatches a
bolt, loosening a section of the rail and--

FROM A FAR SHOT OF THE BOAT

We see Ogre's hefty body come toppling over the railing and into
the water.

OGRE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

He surfaces, arms flailing, and yells.

OGRE (CONT'D)

Hey, guys! I fell in!

THE JOCKS ON DECK

laugh as the boat speeds away.

ROGER

We'll go get help!

IN THE WATER

OGRE

Yeah? Okay. I love you guys!

(beat)

Oh, God.

(then calling)

Wait! I forgot to tell you. I
can't swim. I'm gonna die! Help!
Help!

A71 IN THE WATER - THE NERDS

A71

swim toward shore. Wormser hears Ogre's wailing. He paddles back, gets a neck hold on Ogre and begins swimming for shore, towing him behind.

71 EXT. BEACH DESERTED ISLAND

71

The nerds reach the shore. One by one, they straggle out of the water and onto the beach, where they collapse, exhausted.

ON OGRE AND WORMSER

as Ogre gets to his feet in the shallow water and wades the last few feet in.

OGRE

Oh, thank you thank you thank you.

He then see he's being watched by the others.

OGRE (CONT'D)

(pushing Wormser away)

Leggo of me, you little fruit. I'm fine. I just had a little cramp, that's all.

WORMSER

But I saved your life.

Ogre lifts a piece a driftwood. He starts to bring it down over Wormser's head, then stops and casts it aside.

OGRE

There. I saved yours. Now we're even.

Ogre sees they're still watching him.

OGRE (CONT'D)

What are you geeks lookin' at? They just left me here to guard you, that's all. If you try anything I'll wring yer scrawny little necks!

Ogre stomps off to the shade of a nearby palm.

ANGLE ON THE NERDS

They are a defeated group in bad swimsuits. Especially Lewis.

71 CONTINUED:

LEWIS

This is great! The perfect ending of the Tri-Lambs! Even on a deserted island we've got someone calling us geeks! And we were going to do great things at this convention. What the hell were we thinking? You know something? We are geeks.

Lewis rips off his glasses and throws them across the sand, where WE see (but Lewis doesn't) that Sunny has reached the shore and is watching.

The guys sit, silent, as Lewis continues to fume.

LEWIS (CON'TD)

I mean, look at us. We're not like anyone else and we never will be.

Lewis storms off toward another sand dune.

The other nerds watch him go. They look around. They look at each other. They look at themselves. Pause.

WORMSER

So now what do we do?

BOOGER

We rot on this god-forsaken, goddamned --

He notices the large marijuana plant that is giving him shade.

BOOGER (CONT'D)

(beat)

-- there is a God.

*A72

The boys cross right to left across the beach, following Booger. He stops.

A72*

BOOGER

Okay. Arnold & Stewart, why don't you go up the beach - Lamar, you go into the woods there. We'll meet back here in half an hour.

Booger takes off into the woods. The boys continue to follow him. He pauses.

BOOGER

So split up already....Jesus Christ.

Booger takes off again followed by Wormser. Poindexter takes off in another direction followed by Stewart and Lamar.

*B72

B72*

Booger moves through the woods followed by Wormser who has his arms filled with wood.

BOOGER

Agggggah...Don't get me started Wormser...
we're gonna be here till you're old and
grey. God damn the Alpha Betas...just
my fucking luck -
(stops to pick up a stick, sees a plant)
Bush...we got bush!!

*C72

C72*

Stewart and Poindexter walk through the woods. Stewart places sticks on top of the growing stack in Poindexter's arms. Lamar follows. As they approach a low hanging branch, Lamar moves Poindexter's down as they pass under the branch. They continue past camera.

72

EXT DESERTED ISLAND (THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DUNE)

72

Lewis is kicking on a piece of driftwood when he turns and sees Sunny, standing there, holding his glasses.

SUNNY

If you had these you maybe able to see
that you're kicking the wood with your
bare feet and ---

LEWIS

I can see fine. And I really would appreciate
it if you would kindly remove yourself from
my sight.

SUNNY

Listen, I know what it's like, Lewis.

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

Yeah, right. You could never know.

SUNNY

(beat)

You know, maybe you're right. Maybe I don't know because I thought you were a fighter... But I guess not.

Sunny throws down Lewis' glasses.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Boy, was I wrong.

And she storms off the dune and heads toward:

THE BEACH

Where the other guys are still sitting, dejected. Stewart gets up and follows Sunny off to one side, while:

ON ANOTHER SIDE OF THE BEACH

Poindexter lies on his back, reading his Florida book. Lamar and Wormser have laid out much of the nerds' clothing on a line to dry while, a few feet away --

Booger has rolled several mammoth joints and is trying desperately to rub two sticks together to create fire. After a beat, we HEAR:

POINDEXTER (O.S.)

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Everyone turns to see Poindexter, still lying on his back, now furiously struggling with his eyes.

LAMAR

(to the running Wormser)

Turn him over, turn him over!

As Wormser does so, it becomes clear to us what has happened: Seems Poindexter's glasses are so thick that the sun rays have condensed in his lenses and have started his eyelids smoldering.

Wormser sets him on his side, and Poindexter sits there, rubbing his eyes.

POINDEXTER

This is always happening to me.

Suddenly Booger, still rubbing his sticks together, looks at Poindexter, brightening.

BOOGER

Hey, Poin ... lemme see those glasses for a second ...

CUT TO:

73 EXT. BEACH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

73

Booger positions Poindexter's glasses to concentrate the sun rays, thus giving him fire, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

A74 EXT. CAMPFIRE - LATER

A74

The six (all but Ogre and Lewis) lean up against a rock, passing around Booger's jungle joint. Booger is about to take a hit when he looks over at Ogre, sitting under a tree, looking at them like a puppy at the dinner table.

BOOGER
(with a shrug)
Why not?
(then, to Ogre)
Want a hit?

Ogre does want a hit. Booger passes the joint to him, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

B74 THE CAMPFIRE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

B74

The fire burns lower as things have really gotten mellow. Everyone's staring up at the stars.

POINDEXTER
(taking a hit)
So what you're saying, essentially, then, is that along with infinite space, which extends outward into perpetual bigness, there is also infinite smallness? How?

Poindexter passes the joint to Wormser, who takes a hit and speaks.

WORMSER
Easy. Take any asymptotic line, and extend it outward.

He hands the joint to Stewart.

STEWART
Oh, right, right. So you're saying perpetual bigness exists simultaneously with perpetual smallness.

Stewart then passes the joint to Ogre who has been really trying hard to understand. He takes a hit. Then:

OGRE
What if C-A-T actually spelled
"dog"?

A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The fire's a little lower as Booger sits with Lamar, buzzed.

BOOGER
(really trying to
understand)
Wai-wai-wait a minute ... so what
you're saying is ... you actually
like ... that.

LAMAR
(nods)
Yeah.

Booger, totally and completely stoned, cracks up.

DISSOLVE TO:

A LITTLE WHILE LATER

With the fire now even lower, Ogre, Booger, Poindexter and Wormser finish singing the Righteous Brothers' "You've lost that Loving Feeling."

OGRE
Man, I sound just like them.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. CAMPFIRE - LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

74

The fire's last embers burnt out, we PAN ACROSS the sleeping group of seven stranded castaways ... RACK FOCUS to:

THE OTHER DUNE

where Lewis sleeps, alone. He tosses and turns. We HEAR some of what he's hearing:

DEAN ULICH (V.O.)
(with echo)
I'm so proud of you boys.

MR. SKOLNICK (V.O.)
(with echo)
That's my boy!

74 CONT'D

74

89

U.N. JEFFERSON (V.O.)

(with echo)

For the honor you've brought to our
fraternity, we want to amend our
salute to include our newest
brethren ...

Also in ECHO, the SOUND OF THE BLACK TRI-LAMBS' HONKING LAUGH.

SUNNY (V.O.)

(with echo)

I sure as hell was completely wrong
about you.

LEWIS

No.

Lewis sits bolt upright. Beat. Then he strains his eyes because
he really thinks he sees:

* GILBERT

*

sitting on a rock, looking at him. Gilbert wears a robe, and is
dressed like a bearded monk.

GILBERT

Kind of a bummer?

ANGLE ON GILBERT AND LEWIS

As Lewis stares incredulously.

LEWIS

(stunned)

Get out of town!

GILBERT

*

Hey, Skolnick.

*

LEWIS

Gilbert, what are you doing here ?

GILBERT

Hey, don't ask me, it's your dream.

LEWIS

*

This isn't my dream. I was dreaming about
naked girls on party hats.

*

GILBERT

*

I know. There they are.

*

*

Gilbert points off screen.

*

CONTINUED:

*74 CONTINUED:

* GILBERT AND LEWIS POV. Thru the tree, an ephemeral image of a couple of naked girls in party hats wave and dart away.

* BACK TO SHOT

* Lewis starts in direction of girls, but is quickly stopped.

* GILBERT
Don't bother. You're still dreaming. Look.

* Gilbert points past Lewis and sure enough the sleeping figure of Lewis huddles in a blanket, snoring audibly.

* LEWIS
Well, what do you know.

* GILBERT
I know you're acting like a complete weenie.
What happened to the Lewis I used to know.

* LEWIS
He got ditched on an island by the very people he thought were his friends. Gilbert, people think we're nerds. They always will.

* GILBERT
When is it important what they think? It's important what you think that counts. Have you forgotten everything we learned that first year at Adams College?

* LEWIS
No, but...

* GILBERT
Look at those guys over there. They're great guys need someone who will make them proud of who they are, not ashamed of it.

* LEWIS
She betrayed me, Gilbert.

* GILBERT
Schmuck. Use your brain She wouldn't be here if she didn't really care about you. You're just upset because you're pride's been hurt.

* LEWIS
Those guys made me look like a total idiot in front of her.

CONTINUED:

*74 CONTINUED

74*

* Suddenly the sleeping Lewis who has been snoring fairly unobtrusively till now, snores loudly. Lewis turns and prods at him. *

LEWIS

* Hey, Lewis, do you mind? I'm talking to my best friend here. *

* Lewis rolls over and continued sleeping. *

GILBERT

She's a great girl, Lewis. If you let your pride get in the way, you're going to lose her. You don't want to lose her.

LEWIS

How do you know that?

GILBERT

* I don't know that. You know that. See, I'm not really Gilbert, I am your image of Gilbert and part of that image is your intuitive instincts about Sunny which need articulation. The only way these ideas of yours can be brought to the surface is by placing them in the mouth of someone you love and respect, i.e. Gilbert. *

LEWIS

* Gilbert, stick to the subject. I don't know how much time I got here for you. *

GILBERT

* Okay. The subject here is "you're a schmuck." *

LEWIS

* Wow, I am. *

GILBERT

* It's not too late. *

* Lewis thinks for a beat, then

LEWIS

Gilbert, we've got to get off this island. We've got to get back there before the Alphas have voted us out.

GILBERT

You mean you've got to . Now Lewis you're running out of time. Your course is clear my friend. Good luck.

CONTINUED:

*74 CONTINUED

74*

* The guys shake hands.

*

LEWIS

* Now what?

*

GILBERT

* You will awaken. Me, I'm off with the naked girls in party hats.

*

* The guys honk and embrace.

*

A75 EXT. BEACH DAWN

A75

ANGLE ON THE NERDS

As they slowly awaken. Lewis whacks a sleeping figure on the butt.

LEWIS

Move your butt.

The figure pulls the palm frond down. It's Sunny.

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

Sunny, I'm sorry. I've been myopic, ignorant, and proud, and I hope you'll forgive me.

(beat)

Please.

(then; announcing to all:)

Ten miles away, they're voting us out of existence. And I don't intend to let that happen!

The gang mutters incomprehensible objections. Basically, nobody thinks it's possible.

POINDEXTER

What about all that stuff you said?

LEWIS

The hell with what I said. If all you do is listen to other people, then who are you? Now listen up.

The gang starts to sit up, rub their eyes, etc.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I'm not going to try to talk you into not giving up. Each of you has to make that decision for himself. All I can say is this: If we don't fight for ourselves, who will?

BOOGER

Lewis -- the vote's happening and we're stranded. What do you want from us? It's impossible.

Poindexter, Wormser, Stewart and Lamar mutter in agreement.

LEWIS

Whenever a small group of people have an aggregate I.Q. of over a thousand, anything is possible.

(then, extending his arms)

Who's with me?

The nerds look at each other without moving. Then Sunny gets up and crosses to Lewis.

SUNNY

I am.

She grabs his hand. Lewis smiles, then looks to the others.

LEWIS

Anybody else?

After a moment's hesitation, Stewart, Poindexter, Lamar and Booger jump up and cross to Lewis where they share a group hug.

ANGLE ON OGRE

as he watches.

OGRE
(touched)
That's sooo fuckin' sweet.

THE NERDS

Still in their huddle, begin a chant.

GROUP
(starting softly, then
rising)
We're going home.
We're going home!
We're going home!

The group breaks apart, and we:

CUT TO:

B75 FIVE MINUTES LATER

B75

Everyone is huddled in the sand.

WORMSER
Okay ... first we have to figure out
where we are.

POINDEXTER
Well, given our trip time of 112
minutes, 47 seconds, and given a
headwind of 14.7 knots--

LEWIS
(interrupting)
Don't forget we were battling Gulf
Stream cross-currents--

WORMSER
(interrupting Lewis)
But the Coriolis Force negates that
this time of year--

LEWIS
(slapping himself on the
head)
Duh! How stupid of me!

Everyone looks at Lewis like he was a complete idiot for not knowing this.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 (embarrassed; to Sunny)
 I usually don't make those kinds of mistakes.

POINDEXTER
 (continuing his thought)
 -- if we take the cross variables
 and factor out for the constants ...
 ... 2 degrees times 2 kilometers
 ...let's see, what would two and two
 give us ... ?

OGRE
 (proudly)
 Four!

POINDEXTER
 Right. We could be no more than
 44.74 miles from the southernmost
 tip of Florida.

OGRE
 Boy, lucky for you guys I'm here,
 huh?

ONE MINUTE LATER

The guys have laid out Poindexter's Florida book and have drawn a circle of 44.74 miles around the southernmost tip of Florida.

WORMSER
 Now all we need to decide is exactly
 which direction... Lewis, may I use
 your nose for a second?

ONE MINUTE LATER

FRAME IS FILLED with a 360 degree "sextant" which has been hand drawn in the sand. After a beat, Lewis' head is laid into the center of it.

LEWIS
 Well?

A NEW ANGLE

Wormser uses the shade from Lewis' nose and the sand-drawn "compass/sextant" to figure out what he needs.

WORMSER
 Okay, let's see... we're exactly
 22.4 degrees southwest.

POINDEXTER
(looking in his Florida
book)
That would make this ... Rodrigue
Island.

SUNNY
(perking up)
Wait a minute -- Admiral Frederico
Rodrigue!?

LEWIS
Why? He your boyfriend or
something?

Lewis laughs at his little joke.

SUNNY
Frederico Rodrigue stole millions of
dollars of supplies from Castro back
during the Bay of Pigs. And he
stored them ... on his island.

Beat. Suddenly the nerds all brighten.

ALL THE NERDS
Get out of town!

LEWIS
(to Sunny)
Do you happen to remember where it
said he kept it all?

SUNNY
Well, no. If they'd've known, they
would've taken it back.

BOOGER
So that's means there's probably all
sorts of booze and shit and Cuban
Playboys and who knows what on this
island.

LEWIS
Or, better yet ... maybe there's
some sort of way out of here...if
only we had a way of figuring out
where it all was ...
(suddenly brightening)
Poindexter ... ?

CUT TO:

C75 EXT. ISLAND - A FEW MINUTES LATER

C75

PAN ACROSS a row of all sorts of discarded artifacts and elements, and finally FINISH PAN on the most amazing, most unbelievably cleverly designed 14 foot long METAL DETECTOR that the guys have fashioned out of magnetic ore, palm leaves, coconut milk ionized with sea water, mica, man-o-ray shells, etc. As we pan we HEAR:

STEWART

(explaining)

... I've ionized the coconut milk and de-ionized the sea water, using Poindexter's glasses to distill the silica from the sand, then reversed the polarity of the magnetization. I dunno. It's pretty crude.

FINISH PAN as Stewart and Poindexter are putting the finishing touches on it.

POINDEXTER

Well, geez, I hope it works.

(then; to Stewart)

Oh, by the way, I don't think we've been introduced. I'm Arnold Poindexter.

STEWART

Stewart Lipsey.

LEWIS

Well, let's give it a shot. We don't have much time.

The nerds all crowd around it. Poindexter puts the head phones on. But there's only one problem: No one can lift it.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

The guys trudge around the island, Ogre carrying the immense contraption on his back.

LAMAR

Man, just think of how much more construction they could've done on Gilligan's island if they'd've had Ogre instead of Mrs. Howell.

Suddenly we HEAR a "beeping" sound coming from the metal detector. The guys all look at each other, excited as they move closer and closer to what appears to be the source of the beeps.

LEWIS

Well guys ...

BOOGER

Unless any of us have any artificial plates or limbs, I'd say we're getting close.

The beeping reaches a crescendo. The nerds are getting very excited.

LEWIS

Okay, it must be somewhere near here. Everybody, let's split up and find it!

With ad-libs of excitement, the seven guys and Sunny all take off in seven different directions, leaving:

OGRE

standing there, alone.

OGRE

Guys? Hey, nerds -- this is heavy. Hey.

There is a rumbling sound as Ogre starts to SINK FROM VIEW... Then, after a beat, he drops completely OUT OF FRAME.

Beat.

Then we HEAR an OFFSCREEN CRASH.

Another beat, then the Nerds all run back INTO FRAME from all their different directions and look down:

THE HOLE

At the bottom of which is Ogre, laying on his back on a large green metallic vehicle of some sort.

OGRE

Hey nerds, I think we're getting close.

75 EXT. HOLE

75

As the seven nerds gaze down.

POINDEXTER

God must wear glasses and a pocket protector.

CUT TO:

OMIT 76-78

OMIT 76-78

* 76 INT DAY BUNKER

76*

STEWART and LEWIS convince WORMSER to come down into the Bunker.

STEWART

Come down Wormser

WORMSER

No!

LEWIS

We got grenades...

WORMSER

Grenades???

STEWART and LEWIS look at each other, then nod to WORMSER. He lets them help him down. WORMSER moves toward LAMAR who is holding a jacket for him.

LAMAR

Wormser..here..your size. Booger, toss me a grenade.

STEWART and LEWIS move away as POINDEXTER moves to the group and sits studying the piece of equipment he has discovered. BOOGER tosses LAMAR a grenade who gives it to WORMSER. BOOGER holds a cigar and a bottle of rum. SUNNY moves to OGRE who is propped up against a pole.

LEWIS (moving away)

Stewart, look at this...

The kids all study their surroundings and the objects that they have picked up.

LEWIS VO

Hey Booger, come over here, Man..
Check this out..

BOOGER gets up and moves to where STEWART and LEWIS have found a large covered object.

LEWIS

What is this?

BOOGER

I don't know...

LEWIS (raps the metal exterior)

It's big...This is huge... What is this?

CUT TO:

79 INT. CONVENTION HALL - D

79

The gavel is STRUCK. Roger chairs the packed meeting. Gundy and Winston sit to his left.

ROGER

Alright, alright ... Last order of business before we close this convention with the election of next year's officers.

(then; with mock disappointment)

As many of you already know, the Lambda Lambda Lambda fraternity has disgraced itself by being arrested yesterday afternoon on a charge of grand theft auto.

A MURMUR goes through the convention hall.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Pursuant to the constitutional amendment adopted earlier, we must now vote on whether to expel Lambda Lambda Lambda from the United Fraternity Conference and revoke its national charter.

Another MURMUR rolls through the hall.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Does Lambda Lambda Lambda have anything to say in their defense?

ANGLE ON THE LAMBDA SECTION

The seats are empty.

ROGER (O.C.)

Anything at all?

The MURMUR GROWS.

ANGLE ON ROGER

ROGER

(with a sigh)

Gee, they didn't even come here to defend themselves. Could it be that they've added insult to injury by skipping bail?

The delegates get ANGRY.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO BEACH - DAY

80

The beach is nearly deserted, except for a small paddle boat traversing the shoreline.

CLOSE ON PADDLE BOAT

The Comstocks (remember them?) float peacefully.

MR. COMSTOCK

Darling, I'm sorry for what I said
about this place. It's beautiful.

THE ANGLE SHIFTS

revealing a landing craft bearing down on the Comstocks from behind.

MRS. COMSTOCK

I know, Martin. And, ultimately, so
peaceful.

The landing craft approaches fast from the rear. The Comstocks turn, see it, then look at each other.

MR. COMSTOCK

Fuck you and fuck your brother the
travel agent.

They jump in the water as

THE LANDING CRAFT

Smashes their boat to smithereens, then continues on toward the convention hall.

81 INT. CONVENTION HALL - SAME

81

Roger is still at the podium. And the delegates are still angry.

ROGER

If we could have a little order, we
can get this whole sad event behind
us.

Roger HITS the gavel.

ROGER

Okay. All those in favor of
expelling the Lambdas, signify by
saying --

A LOUD RUMBLE distracts Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(to Winston)

What's that?

The NOISE GROWS LOUDER and all heads turn toward:

THE WALL DIRECTLY TO THE RIGHT OF ROGER

which blows apart as --

THE LANDING CRAFT

ROARS into the convention hall and --

THE DELEGATES

Erupt in chaos!

RANDOM FRAT GUY

(to another)

Dude, were we supposed to make a float?

People scatter willy-nilly as --

ROGER'S VOICE

(echoes through the hall)

Wait a minute! There's a vote on the floor! Order! Order!

(then)

Hey -- who the ... ?

Gundy, at Roger's side, strains to see through the dust. Then:

GUNDY

(stunned)

Nerds!

THE LANDING CRAFT

Is a vision from every he-man war movie ever made, and:

THE TRI-LAMBS

standing on top of it, have been transformed into an ultra-macho Rambo-esque fighting brigade. Torn shirts, oiled torsos ... they even have a beautiful woman, Sunny, and a handcuffed P.O.W., Ogre.

OGRE

Guys -- hey, could you give me a hand here, I've been captured by nerds.

Ogre is clubbed on the head by a swinging chandelier and is knocked off the craft into the fray.

OGRE (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaahhhhhh!!!

ANGLE ON THE PODIUM

Winston and Gundy are frightened. Roger is in shock.

ROGER
What the hell is happening?

GUNDY
(shaking)
The nerds! They're back and they're
bad!!

Roger stays put, but Winston and Gundy run for their lives as:

THE LANDING CRAFT

heads right for the podium.

LEWIS
(calling to the delegates)
Ladies and gentlemen!
(calling below)
Okay, Poin. Stop. We're here.

But the craft continues, unwavering.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Poin?
(then louder)
Poin!
(then to the delegates)
One second, folks.

LANDING CRAFT - POINDEXTER

is being violently jostled about at the wheel. His glasses bounce off his nose and he gropes to recover them while still trying to steer the craft.

POINDEXTER
I'm trying, Lewis! I'm trying!

Poindexter looks through the scope and we see:

HIS BLURRED POV: ROGER

dives out of the way --

ROGER
Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

-- just in time as .

THE PODIUM

is smashed to bits!

BOOGER
All right!!!!

THE DELEGATES

watch, stunned, as --

THE LANDING CRAFT

barrels on, heading straight for the other wall. Now:

ALL THE NERDS
(are yelling down at
Poindexter)
Hey! Poindexter! Stop this crazy
thing!!

82 EXT. POOL AREA - SAME

82

Munsinger talks to a gorgeous CO-ED.

MUNSINGER
... I had just run back a 98 yard
kick-off.

CO-ED
Run it where?

The landing craft CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL.

STEWART
Hey -- it's Munsing-butt.

SUNNY
Blitz the fucker!

The gun turret spears his blazer. He is lifted high in the air
and dangles there as --

INSIDE THE LANDING CRAFT - POINDEXTER

puts his glasses back on with one hand and fumbles for the
controls with the other. By mistake, he grabs the rotation
control of the gun turret. Suddenly --

OUTSIDE

the turret swings left and Munsinger is thrown high into the air
and toward --

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATIO

where the beloved Comstocks are just crawling into the fray. They
look up, roll their eyes and we CUT BACK TO:

THE LANDING CRAFT

which lunges straight into the water -- KERSPLASH!

INT. LANDING CRAFT - POINDEXTER

Relaxes. Pulls the parking brake.

EXT. HOTEL ROYAL FLAMINGO - POOL AREA

Poindexter steps out and joins the others, who are dismounting.

BOOGER

Nice job, Poin.

POINDEXTER

Yo.

All around them, people are filing out of the hotel, the convention hall, the street, trying to get a look at all this really neat destruction.

LEWIS AND THE TRI-LAMBS

have crossed to the pool's diving tower, and now stand grouped on the diving board, ten feet above the water.

LEWIS

(calling out)

Could I have your attention, please?
Everyone take your time. I don't
want anybody getting hurt. I have a
few remarks.

ANGLE ON THE CONVENTION HALL

as the delegates continue to pour out through the hole that the landing craft left in the building. Among them are Roger and Tiny. Close by are Winston and Gundy, now cowering behind some bushes.

ROGER

(to Lewis)

Sorry, pal, no remarks. I'm
chairman here.

TINY

Yeah!

ANGLE ON LEWIS AND THE TRI-LAMBS

LEWIS

Could I have your attention, please?

ANGLE ON ROGER AND THE ALPHAS

ROGER
I'm not letting him say diddly.
(then looking around)
Ogre! Where's Ogre?

ANGLE ON A PILE OF WRECKAGE

which suddenly stirs. After a beat, Ogre emerges, still handcuffed. He is positioned exactly in between Roger and Lewis.

ANGLE ON THE DIVING TOWER

LEWIS
If everyone would quiet down, I'll begin.

ANGLE ON ROGER AND THE JOCKS

ROGER
Ogre, look.
(pointing to diving tower)
Nerds!!! Get 'em, Ogre. Nerds!!!

Ogre hesitates. Then he turns from the Tri-Lambs back to Roger. There is a confused look in the big man's eyes.

ROGER
Didn't you hear me? I said "Nerds!"
C'mon, man. Look at them. They're ugly, they're different, they don't fit in

ANGLE ON OGRE

as Roger basically describes... him.

ROGER (O.C., CONT'D)
... they got their own way of doing things ...

Then suddenly Ogre has an epiphany.

OGRE
Wait a minute ... you're talking about me ... because ...
(he forgets for a moment what he was thinking; then quickly remembers again)
... oh yeah ... because I'm a nerd.
No wait, come to think about it, I'm not a nerd ... no, I'm a big fuckin' nerd.

Suddenly freed of his lifetime lie, he bursts the shackles of ignorance from his wrists. The handcuffs of his oppression dangling from the wrists of his arm, he throws his arms out wide and proclaims to all the world:

OGRE

I'm a nerd! I'm a nerd!
(then)
Now shut up and let Lewie talk.

ROGER

Lewie?

Roger, still holding his gavel, turns to Winston and Tiny.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Get 'em!

Winston and Tiny make a move toward the diving platform, but Ogre blocks them and in a single gesture lifts each of them into the air and flings them into the pool.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Gundy! Move!

GUNDY

Sure thing!

Gundy starts, but is quickly blocked by the two or three members of the BLACK TRI-LAMBS.

ROGER

All right, fine.
(to Lewis)
I'm coming to get you, nerd!

Roger starts to move toward the guys when Ogre stops him.

OGRE

You're not going anywhere. I may be
a nerd, but you're an asshole.

Ogre grabs him by the belt and is about to let him fly when --

LEWIS

(stops him)
Wait. No. That's not the point of
this. All I want is for you guys to
listen to me.

And so Ogre just holds Roger above his head like a human barbell.

OGRE

(once again; as if he's
having aftershocks)
I'm a nerd.

ROGER
 (under his breath)
 "I'm a nerd, I'm a nerd" ...
 everybody's a nerd all of a sudden.

OGRE
 (gesturing to Lewis)
 Lewie?

ON THE DIVING TOWER

Lewis motions for quiet and everything grows STILL and then, with a reassuring look to Sunny, he takes a deep breath and speaks to a sea of curious delegates.

LEWIS
 Since our arrival at this convention, the Tri-Lambs have been hijacked, embarrassed, denied the basics of food and lodging, spat upon, --

WORMSER
 (to Lamar)
 Who "spat" upon us?

LAMAR
 Shhh. He's on a roll.

LEWIS
 -- and framed by the Alphas for a crime we didn't commit. And why? You all know why. You did it. But maybe you don't know why we've stuck around through all of it. Now I sure as hell am not going to bore you with a long speech about self respect. And I know I don't have to quote Solomon, who said that "everybody, whether he steps with kings or struggles with peasants by day, must ultimately walk into that long and dark night alone." I don't need to do this because, let's face it, you're smart college students and you already know this. No, I came here to finish this meeting. Last order of business. Roger, may I have the floor?

Roger is still being held aloft by Ogre, who is incredibly moved by all of this. Ogre lifts him up and down so that Roger's head nods "yes."

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Item last. Election of next year's chairman. This is the person who will decide on the standards to be set for fraternities for the next year.

OGRE

(yelling out)

I'd like to nominate Lew Skolnick.

BOOGER

Do I hear a second?

TINY

I second it!

WINSTON

I third it!

A single VOICE calls out.

SINGLE VOICE

Skolnick!

The another VOICE JOINS the FIRST.

. TWO VOICES

Skolnick! Skolnick!

ANGLE ON THE DELEGATES

as TEN DELEGATES continue the chant.

TEN DELEGATES

Skolnick! Skolnick! Skolnick!

More DELEGATES join in: TWENTY, FORTY, EIGHTY, ONE-HUNDRED AND SIXTY.

ROGER

bounces up and down above Ogre's head as Ogre leads the chant:

DELEGATES

SKOLNICK!! SKOLNICK!!!

SKOLNICK!!!! SKOLNICK!!!!!!

LEWIS

and the other Tri-Lambs are quite moved. Sunny is next to him.

ANGLE ON THE DELEGATES

It is now unanimous. Everybody is jumping up and down and cheering the daring lad from Adams College.

DELEGATES
 SKOLNICK!!!!!! SKOLNICK!!!!!!
 SKOLNICK!!!!!! SKOLNICK!!!!!!

The chanting continues until --

LEWIS

calls out:

LEWIS
 Quiet!! Everybody, quiet, please!!

And sure enough --

EXT. HOTEL - POOL AREA

Everyone quiets down as Lewis steps up to the edge of the diving board.

LEWIS
 Thank you. This means very, very much to me. However, I would like to decline this honor and to nominate someone for whom I think this job is more well-suited ... someone who, I believe, wants this job a lot more than I do ... Roger Lattimore.

83 ANGLE ON THE SHOCKED DELEGATES

83

ANGLE ON THE SHOCKED TRI-LAMBS

ANGLE ON THE SHOCKED ROGER

ANGLE ON LEWIS

LEWIS
 Do I hear a second?

BOOGER
 What the fuck. I'll second it.

LEWIS
 All in favor?

Lewis raises his hand. He is followed by the Tri-Lambs. Finally, one by one, the silent delegates raise their hands. Even Ogre raises his hand, causing Roger to lose balance and fall to the ground.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Great. Then the motion carries.
All I have left to say before I give
up the floor is the following:
Don't any of you ever underestimate
us again. Because we're everywhere,
and we're never going away, and
we're never giving up. And now, if
next year's UFC president Roger
Lattimore would be so kind to
adjourn the meeting ...

Roger, completely and totally stunned, drops the gavel onto the
cement.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

... I say we got a long time before
it gets dark, so while we got the
daylight, let's enjoy it ...
together.

And with this, Lewis, holding Sunny, takes the first step off the
diving platform.

OGRE

(yelling)

I love you guys 'cause you're
fuckin' nuts!!!

Ogre, the Tri-Lambs, and Stewart follow him. After a beat, the
rest of the delegates jump in as well.

MUSIC UP: A reprise of Stewart and Lamar's RAP SONG.

And somewhere in the madcap chaos that follows, we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END